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FOURTEENTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1899. NUMBER 46.

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Written for THE HERALD.]

THE TYRANT'S BURDEN.

Lay down the tyrant's burden,
Dun with the load of years,
Heavier grown in time's tide,
With bitterness and tears.
The loneliness of orphanage,
And widowhood's dark hour,
Will throb against our nation's gates,
If we guard not our power.

Lay down the tyrant's burden,
—And never freedom's cause—
That cries alone to heaven,
And knows but heaven's laws.
Since we have borne our burden
Nobly to those who need,
O do not stain its glory
By sordidness of greed.

Call back our arm of power,
O guardian of our state,
Lest we, through selfish motives, lose
The power that made us great.
Let not Columbia's banner,
O'er those unwilling wave,
Who, for freedom's holy cause,
Rest now in nameless grave.

The "white man's burden" we have borne
—The cause of truth and right—
To every nation 'neath the sun,
That would accept the light,
Columbia's starry banner floats
Above once wretched poor,
And inquistion and rapine
Are driven from our nation's door.

Remember, then, ye rulers,
The way our father strove,
And founded this great nation,
On equity and love.
Let not the "white man's burden"
Oppress who would be free,
But let that burden rest, till called
Beyond the distant sea.

HENRY M. SWORD,
Campton, Ky.

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Man Not Under Woman's Thumb—A Response to "A Social Problem."

As time marks its path along the track of the ages, it is continually marking new boundaries, and casting new lines along the old survey. As century succeeds century in their endless flight, customs, manners and habits of all countries and nations, (excepting perhaps the Chinese nation,) undergo various changes. Many become obsolete and are abandoned; others are annihilated by public opinion; while others undergo organic changes and live on. Yet, through all these changes, the incipient germs of ethics remain unchanged. The history of any nation or people must ever be measured by, and commensurate with the advancement or retrogression, of its natural life. The advancement of science and the truths deducted therefrom, practically applied along the everyday channels of life, necessitate a deviation from the old ways, and the marking out of new paths, as much now in this modern age of fast life, as in the dim distance of departed time, when Columbus, reaching out beyond the known paths of the old world, opened an unknown way to a new world. And while the route that Columbus sailed in the 15th century is still plied to-day, there has been a change, and the pleasure of sailing on a modern steamer has supplanted the dangers attending such a voyage in an old time Spanish caravel. Therefore, our friend, in "A Social Problem" simply sighs for a ride in a Spanish Caravel of the 15th century, or a Phœnecian gailey of an ante-date. It is strange as our friend, "the socialist," puts it, how the "spirit of the past" clings with sacred tendrils to the present; and how the "quiltings," "log rollings," "husking bees" and "frolics" still hold their places more as a relic of other days, than recognized forms of society. I have found but one source of pleasure in those fetes, that emanated from the kitchen, where our mothers, (god bless them!) used to ply the culinary art with such wisdom and success that our stomachs fairly groaned under such a load of digestible joy. But aside from this the "quilting" the "wool-picking," is the worst nuisance any community ever knew—worse even than Col. Chinn, who was recently indicted before the Fayette county grand jury as a common nuisance—for whoever heard of a "quilting" or a "wool-picking" that did not breed dissent in a community? for, invariably, Miss So-and-So got her funeral preached, and one who was here told her the whole thing, and—pardon me, for I am digressing courtship seemed to be the burden of our "socialist" friend's tale of woe. We have never heard before, of that time when the budding swain had

Sweethearts galore,
As many, perhaps,
As twenty or more,

unless it was during the great Napoleonic reign, when one village in France possessed but one marriageable youth as against several hundred marriageable young ladies; and, it is said they "courted" him nearly to death. Of course there has always been a class of semi-human creatures known to society as "flirts" who go into the domain of human affections and deal in hearts, as others go upon the board of trade and deal in grain; this class belonging to both sexes, often have a plurality of "hangers on," who when youth and beauty fades, are

"Cut short all,
And the doctors find when they are dead,
Their last disorder mortal."

Then, there is another class, that strange link between the inferior brute creation, and the superior order m[illegible] The libertine, who has no respec[illegible]r virtue or honor, and who very oft[illegible] and yet not often enough—finds him[illegible] "disturbed" and his ambition "imper[illegible]d," or as our friend terms it, by proceedings instituted in court for "breach of promise," and yet our friend says he has only been indulging in a little "innocent love making," "merry pastime," "sparking from sundown until sunrise," without "interruption," perhaps; enveloped in the pure atmosphere of "fogyism." and his villainous acts are commendable, and this blessed state of affairs to be wished for (?) In the upper tendom of the social world, where intelligence rules, unless a marriage contract exists, we have never heard of either, or both, parties to a courtship being prohibited, by the mandates of the other, from associating with mutual companions of either similar or dissimilar sex. No broad-minded, true-hearted woman would be guilty of such an act, and if her lover would demand such a sacrifice of her, he would merit his "walking papers," which it would be wisdom in her to immediately tender him, lest she be enticed to commit that awful crime that our friend esteems worse than "suicide," "get married," and that, too to a narrow-minded brute instead of a man. Courtship is a mutual, reciprocal affair, and, like our government, exists by the consent of the governed. No man need be chained in leading strings to any woman unless he wills it so. Woman being the physical inferior of man, God gave her the domain of love in which to live and rule, and in that sphere, she gently wields an influence or power, over man, he does not wish to crush. If a man cares so much for a woman that he would dare to surrender his hope of happiness to her keeping for life, he will find his greatest pleasure, his heaven in her society, nor will he seek the society of others in preference to hers, or be continually "courting favor" or "siding in" with other young ladies beyond the mere exchange of mutual friendship. Nor will a young lady, if she really cares for a suitor, ask of him the surrender of privileges, she in turn would not grant him; hence, it must be erroneous to think, or believe, that woman has attained or usurped any power or authority over her masculine associates, other than was vouchsafed her in her creation. It has been truly said that the advancement of the modern world has been toward individual freedom, and that great lesson is forcibly impressed when we see some over-jealous youth, who has been reprimanding his sweetheart, for casting "sheep's glances" at some other boy, "get left," or as others style it, "cut out." Of course, the "soft snap" and the sickly confessor of first love, are not to be considered; they are transient. We mean pure, enduring love; and, with that, and only that, alone, woman always has and always will wield a power over man, the same today as when Cleopatra held Anthony in chains at her feet.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grave,
And men below, and saints above," etc.

Were it not for the fact that our friend, the "socialist," has a wife, we might apply the poem to his case that runs thus:

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lighty turns to thoughts of love," etc.

But we are left with others who have read his "social problem," to wonder whether said article was the result of forty grains of hasheesh or, the groanings of the spirit of a "hen-pecked husband."

Flat, Ky. A CAVALIER.

General Hardin continues to resist the effort to force him to reply to the personal attacks of his opponents. His determination to make a clean and dignified canvass, ignoring personal allusions and treating only of legitimate political issues, commands the respect of the people, and will inure to his benefit. So far Gen. Hardin has said nothing that could be construed as a reflection upon the character, the ability, or the Democracy of his opponents, nor has he said anything that can create the least friction within the party. Let him continue upon the course he has been pursuing and he will not only land the nomination but will be supported by a united party, a condition that will insure his election.—Danville Advocate.

The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me, at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

DYSPEPSIA is the cause of untold suffering. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the digestive organs are toned and dyspepsia IS CURED.

Written for THE HERALD.]

"THE DEAR OLD HERALD PAGES."

How dear to my heart are these pages from childhood,
As rumaging the attic, we present them to view,
How of evenings we read 'em and burnt up pap's firewood,
All the letters from writers THE HERALD once knew;
The deep written letter, the shallow one by it;
The bright and the dull, oft in one column fell,
The arguments of "Supple Jack" and "Shiner" near by it,
And e'en "The Drake" we all knew so well,
Of these time tinted pages,
Of THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD we love so well;
The newsy old paper, that breezy old paper,
THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD we love so well.

BANFORD MANNIN.

Toliver, Ky.

GRAVITY OF A WOMAN

And the Intellect of A Mental Giant Has This Two Year Old.

Viola Rosalia Oelrich is the name of the most remarkable child in the state of Iowa if not of the world. She is only two years and one month old, yet she is possessed of the gravity of a woman, and, indeed, her face is the face of a mature, intellectual woman.

When Viola was 1 year, 11 months and 25 days old she passed an examination before two competent teachers. At that time the child knew not less than 3,000 substantives. It is probable that the vocabulary of this baby was at that time much larger than that of the ordinary man. Her father says that Viola knows more nouns than the average adult knows words. The unusual precocity of the child was nurtured and developed by the parents, and when she once began to learn she learned so rapidly that her natural guardians were scarce able to keep pace with her.

Records of the child's work were kept by her parents, and are very interesting. There is first a scrap book in which are pasted the pictures of 1,100 various objects. Viola can tell the name of any of these objects by looking at the picture.

STRAY SHOTS.

If Hampton will write you a poem every time you suspend an issue I move you suspend twice a month. I heard one of his poems read at a public recital in Chicago not long since, and for the first time (with apologies to Mr. H.,) I felt great pride in him. He is one of the few literary lights of the city who appreciate the fine points of THE HERALD.

* * *

Robert Trimble, of Trimble Bend, who spent the winter at Creede, Col., working in a silver mine, returned to his brother Frank's, at Bushton, Ill., a few days ago. On his way back a clever pick-pocket relieved him of his purse, containing $75: He will farm this summer and return west in the fall.

* * *

Sylvester O'Hair recently attended an old fiddler's contest in which there were 75 participants. Silverheel entered several numbers, but only won one prize, and that was awarded for the fiddler having the longest hair and the "Big creek musicianer" won in a walk.

* * *

John Adams, many years since a resident of Hazel Green, is still holding his position of railway mail clerk, and has not missed a day's work in several years. His run is on the C. & O. east of Lexington.

* * *

Frank Trimble, of Memphis, Tenn., has been at Tuscola, Ill., for several days closing up a deal for the sale of 34,000 acres of timber land in Arkansas.

* * *

This year promises to be a record breaker. Business of every kind is in a healthy condition, and good times are coming.

* * *

Attorney Frank T. O'Hair, of Paris, Ill., is taking a course of baths at Hot Springs for catarrhal troubles.

* * *

Miss Clara Pieratt, of Mt. Sterling, is expected to visit friends at Terre Haute, Ind., and points in Illinois in April.

March 30.

People Believe what they read about Hood's Sarsaparilla. They know it is an honest medicine, and that it cures. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, relieve constipation assist digestion. 25c.

Gen. Aguinaldo wants to build up a dictatorship for himself. The idea of bossism is so distasteful to the average American that he feels justified in taking a shot at it on every possible occasion.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

LA GRIPPE IS CONTAGIOUS.

Atmosphere Impregnated With Germs.

Disease Proved Beyond Question to Be Infectious.—Is Rapidly Conquering the Country.

LaGrippe is a contagious disease. Its specific germ has been positively identified, and it is transmitted from person to person either by direct contact or by inhaling the germs while they float in the air. It is a dangerous disease, lowering the vitality and wasting the resistive power so that pneumonia, heart disease, nervous prostration and insanity find easy victims. No specific is known that will kill the Grip germ, but it may be driven out and its effects overcome by the prompt use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

"La Grippe left my nervous system so racked and shattered that I could not sleep and for two months was under the influence of narcotics. Physicians and friends gave me up to die; but in two days after I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine I began to improve, and in a month's time I was entirely cured. It is the greatest health restorer on earth."

D. W. HILTON, Louisville, Ky.

All druggists are authorized to sell Dr. Miles' Nervine on a guarantee that first bottle benefits or money refunded. Be sure and get Dr. Miles' Nervine Booklet on heart and Nerves sent free. Address

Dr. Miles Medical Co, Elkhart, Ind.

Rheumatism Cured.

My wife has used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism with great relief, and I can recommend it as a splendid liniment for rheumatism and other household use for which we have found it valuable.—W. J. Cuyler, Red Creek, New York.

Mr. Cuyler is one of the leading merchants of this village and one of the most prominent men of this vicinity.—W. G. Phippin, Editor Red Creek Herald. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

"A word to the wise is sufficient" and a word from the wise should be sufficient, but you ask who are the wise? Those who know. The oft-repeated experience of trustworthy persons may be taken for knowledge. Mr. W. M. Terry says Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other in the market. He has been in the drug business for twelve years; has sold hundreds of bottles of this remedy and nearly all other cough medicines manufactured, which shows conclusively that Chamberlain's is the most satisfactory to the people, and is the best. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

Written for THE HERALD.]

THE SPRING OF LIFE.

The verdant grass will grow beneath our feet
Embosomed in the breast of mother earth;
As we go forth our earthly task to meet,
Which gives to us our love and light and mirth.

The joyous birds above our heads will sing,
The chords which give to us a grand repast,
The melodies give a thought of vernal spring
And winter's chilly storms have fully passed.

The eternal spring of life will give a thought
Of all the transit duties at our hands;
Of all the gems of knowledge to be wrought
To bind the cords of love in stronger bands.

And when upon the joyous tide of life,
We view the lonely shore we leave behind
May all attending signs of pain and strife
Give way to love which to our hearts enshrined.

May we embark for land by love preserved,
And o'er life's gayest ripples lighly glide;
And when the great rewards we have observed,
May we behold in peace the passing tide.

May all the purest rays of peace be shed,
Around the earthly temple of our home,
And when the hope of life from us has fled
May we embrace the beauties which will come.

And o'er the roughest crags which we may pass,
May we be guided by a prosperous sun,
And may our greatest work be crowned last,
When our immortal blessings have begun

As we aspire to fruits which life can give
And reap the brightest harvest of our race;
May we inspire all future men to live
And all the great rewards of life embrace.

KELLY KASH.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : : KY.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

Toil in the cities and till the ground:
The world is green and wide,
And some o' these days—when the world turns round—
We'll get on the brighter side!

Sow and reap, and work and weep
For the blessings which are denied,
And some o' these days—in the morning's rays—
We'll get on the brighter side!

Some o' these days, in the thorny ways
Will the lilies of joy abide,
The birds will sing, and the bells will ring,
And we'll get on the brighter side!

Then, toil in the cities, and till the ground,
Whatever may be denied,
For some o' these days—when the world turns round—
We'll get on the brighter side!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Heslop's Wife

"HEAVEN knows where he picked her up, with her fine clothes and her fine manners; a nice farmer's wife, truly!"

"You think he's really married to her Jane?"

"Married!—of course he is, Mrs. Bissop. You don't suppose he'd bring any lass about this place—his mother's old home—with a lie upon his lips? My brother Joe's a born fool, but he's no liar," and the speaker panted.

"And she's book learnt, too, I hear say," put in Mrs. Bissop, mildly.

Jane, who was not "book learnt," turned crimson. "Aye; 'tis said so."

"She's well lookin' anyhow. My man saw her Friday—and it's a week since—coming home from market, and he says there's never been a comelier seen in the parish for hundreds of years."

"Fine looks is as good as they goes. She's my brother's wife, and I oughtn't to speak against her. But she's so sleek, and so composed, and so learnable, and so carrying, that I take it she's seen more of the world than she ought. She never got that straight look, and all that high and mightiness, in any decent family. No; take my word for it, she's seen the world."

"Lor', Janey! You don't mean to say she lords it over you?"

"Over me? What are you thinking about? There's no one in the county could do that. Oh, no; my lady is as soft as wax, and asks to be shown that, and to be told this; and is mighty civil spoken. All put on. Even Joe seems bewildered at her, though 'tis easy to see he's ready to eat her. The great ninny!"

"She ain't said anything about your going yet—?"

"My what?"

"Your leaving the farm? You know she's missus now."

"Not a word. I'd like to see her turn me out," Jane snorted; but, privately, she wondered why the young woman didn't.

"Don't 'ee really know where she hails from?"

"No, I don't; and more than that, t'other night I made Joe so mad over one thing and another that he owned up and said he didn't know himself. It's hard on us—decent farmer folk for nigh on a hundred years—to have to put up with some rubbish—"

"Enough of that talk, Jane Heslop. If you can't speak fair of our own—don't speak foul. Go; work with your hands, woman, and give your tongue a rest. Martha Bissop, you know my sister, she wouldn't speak fair to her own bairn. Let me tell you—my wife's as honest a woman as any of you. You can make that known about the place."

The two women went off in different directions without another word. They lived in a county where man still has some little authority.

At the dairy door Joe Heslop brought himself up, looked down on his shapely limbs, clothed in well-made cords, seemed pleased; pulled his coat together—wiped his face, and smoothed his hair down with his hand.

"Come in, Joseph; you're just in time to help turn this lot of milk."

A tall, straight girl, with her back towards him, stood at a churn.

"Go on with exactly the same movement, or the butter will never come," she said, as if repeating a pleasing lesson.

He went to her—slipped his hands down to hers—imprisoning them on the handle, and he looked at her with adoring, breathless admiration.

"Joseph," she said with a curious intonation, as though she were not quite used to the name; "it will be utterly ruined. You've quite stopped it."

He made an awkward peck at her—which she avoided; and leaving him there, she went over to the tap and began to scrub some molds. She was beautiful, and especially so with the glow and gleam of genial work upon her. A graceful figure, shapely hands and arms, well-cut features, large, calm, wide-apart, gray eyes, and glossy hair, which hung in a big knob at the back of her head. She had not been at the tap for more than three minutes when she left it, and came across to him, wiping her hands, and kissed him tenderly on the brow.

He let the handle go, and made another peck at her.

"Joseph," she said, solemnly, her eyes laughing all the while, "this will be a spoilt lot of butter. I do wish I could get hold of some technical farming terms. I really think we had better not 'butter make' together again Don't, oh! don't; leave off! Wait a moment," and she went and fetched the wet molds, put them in a heap, jumped upon the table near him and began to wipe them.

"Now, we'll talk!"

"Yes," he agreed; and smiled delightedly.

"I'm sorry your sister doesn't like me. I like her."

"Well, you see Jane is an odd woman—a very odd woman."

"Not at all; Jane is a sensible creature. Why doesn't she like me?"

"She doesn't object to you personally."

"Then she dislikes me theoretically."

"If you mean it's—it's because she didn't know you before we were married, and because she doesn't know your maiden name—may be you're right."

"Would that weigh with a woman like Jane?"

"Bless you, yes. Why we've lived here nearly a hundred years, and we've always married decent wenches, all o' 'em well known in these parts, and I suppose she thinks—"

"I suppose she thinks you've not married a decent wench?"

"Why, lass, they've only got to look at you to see you're something better than the others. No disrespect to them."

"Joseph, have you ever—any—doubt—yourself?"

"Me? No, no; never;" and he left the churn and went towards her.

"Go back!" she cried, warningly; and he obeyed.

"Joseph, when you first met me—it is not so very long ago, only a few weeks—I was poor, friendless and homeless."

He nodded.

"I had always imagined that men behaved well to lonely, helpless women. I was wrong, Joseph. You are a man apart—a superior being."

Joseph blushed with pride and pleasure.

"In fact, you are a real, true man. Now, you know life—at least you know something of the world—and as you chose to behave in an extraordinary Quixotic way—"

"D'd I?"

"And marry me. Tell me—how do you find me after ten weeks' acquaintance?"

"Perfect. You are a good, hard-working woman. You learn more in a day than the lasses about here could learn in six months. You manage well. You don't chatter, you don't rove, you don't fool, and—you love me."

She bent over and kissed him again.

"I believe I do. Now I will tell you how I came to be in a destitute condition at the station that night."

"It doesn't matter if you'd rather not."

"I will not, if you stop churning."

He went on turning. She wiped carefully into the intricacies of the complicated cow-head pattern.

"I didn't like my life. It was different to this—very different; and I didn't like what the future had in store for me. It would have been all gayety, all uselessness. I had schemes by which to benefit mankind, and I thought I'd begin with women. I left my home—my people would only miss me from one point of view; they would not grieve for me. I wanted very much to do some really good work, but I miscalculated everything; my strength, my knowledge, my money. It was all a miserable failure. I still want to work, but I want to do it to please myself and my surroundings. Mankind goes right out of my calculations hereafter; what I saw of it hurt me, robbed me, insulted me and landed me in the situation from which you extracted me. Do you, can you, understand?"

"No, no; I don't understand, but I believe you. Do surroundings mean me—this house—this life? Can you put up with it?"

"Oh, yes!" she whispered, leaning her cheek against his. "I want peace. I want to be taken care of. I wasn't made to regenerate mankind, or revolutionize the world. It didn't take me long to find that out. It's only 12 weeks to-day since I left my home."

"I'm afraid I'm interrupting," said a loud voice, and a large woman bounced in. "Heslop, I want to talk to you about the calves."

"Wife, this is Mrs. Norton—our nearest neighbor."

The girl bowed and came forward.

The woman did not look at her, but rushed immediately into prices. She was evidently in an uncomfortable frame of mind, and, though she pointedly excluded Heslop's wife from the conversation, she was not satisfied with her performance. She presently went off with Heslop to inspect something in another part of the farm.

"This must not go on. Joseph is uncomfortable. I must manage to clear up matters soon. I really wish it wasn't necessary. I shan't be half so happy," and she began to sing.

Jane came in for some milk.

"You don't seem to mind, ma'am."

Jane couldn't for the life of her help calling her "ma'am," and that made her hate her.

"Mind what, Jane?"

"Why, that Mrs. Norton won't speak to you."

"Oh! but I do mind, because—because of Joseph."

"Do you mean to say you care for him?"

"Care for him, Jane? Why, of course I do. I love him very much," and then she turned crimson at having thus to express her feelings aloud; yet she knew it was not the moment for reticence.

"Well, I don't understand how a woman like you married him. You didn't know much about him, did you?"

"Jane, there are some people you know all at once. You find out more of their real nature in half an hour than you do of others in a lifetime. And you know Joseph is good. Ah! I soon found out he was good."

"D'ye mean to say you only knew him for half an hour? Well, I can't say that you behaved like a decent, well-brought-up maid."

"Perhaps I didn't. But you know there might be circumstances. Jane, you don't really think I am a bad, dreadful woman?"

"Well, I can't say, I'm sure. It isn't for the likes of me to say. You know best"—and, picking up her jug, Jane went morosely off, feeling in her soul that she might after all have said something more civil in answer to the poor thing's pathetic appeal.

The light died out of the young woman's face as she watched Jane go. She left her work, and sat quite still for a time; then she went to the window and looked out, and she sighed.

"Opinions pursue me everywhere. Who could have imagined that Jane and Mrs. Norton held any? If I had not been so densely ignorant I should have known they had some. I suppose. We don't know half enough of useful things; we should be taught the opinions of other classes; they vary, of course, but a rough idea should be given. How was I to know the world was so bad; that the people I wanted most to help would rob me, and then turn me from their doors; and that the people I wished to elevate would—would ruthlessly insult me. If it had not been for Joseph! Dear, kind Joseph! Have I made, in marrying him, the worst of my mistakes, I wonder? Does his fine, true nature measure me by what his friends think of me?"

At this moment a young fellow entered the door, sucking a cane. He leaned against a bench, and sniggered, and seemed quite at his ease—and sure of his welcome.

He scrutinized the girl from head to foot, and amiably commenced to soliloquize in a loudish whisper. He did not seem to desire conversation. He went over her points admirably—in florid, blatant, offensive terms. It was his "killing" method, and was intended to allure and attract. At length he mentioned—"My name's Norton. You don't seem to know who I am."

"This is surely a lunatic asylum," the young woman said, softly, and pinched herself to see if she were awake. Then she looked across at him; she saw his clumsiness, his attempts at smartness, his general imbecility; but she didn't speak to him—she went on cleaning up.

Unable to differentiate, he thought the look meant admiration; and he went up to her, and said: "You may kiss me, missus—twice, if you like."

She came and stood right in front of him.

"My good boy, go home. Do you hear?—find your mother, and go home."

His little eyes blazed.

"Ah! I see the sort you are. You're on the lookout for the swells. You're used to 'em. I've heard all about you. Poor old Heslop! All the village's talking of his madness."

Jane came bustling in.

"Ah, Mr. Norton, it's you!"

The girl looked dangerous, and she said, haughtily: "Take your friend away, please, and find the key of the dairy door. I want no more visitors."

"Hoity-toity. Let me tell you, this door was always kept unlocked in my mother's time."

"Bah! Don't you see, Janey Heslop, the wench wants to lock her visitors in with her?"

Heslop and Mrs. Norton passed the dairy door just then. The girl called them in. She was so erect and scornful Joe scarcely knew her. "Mrs. Norton," she said, coldly, "you will take your son away, and you, Joseph, will forbid his ever coming here again."

"My—my—son turned off this farm by you, madam, a woman such as you; a creature no one knows anything about!"

"Mrs. Norton, stop before you go too far. There is some misapprehension here. I should much like to know who put those rumors afloat about this lady—my wife!" and he looked at Jane, and he got affectionately close to the young girl and put his hand on her shoulder. "But, in spite of it, she's a good woman—and your superior, and you can see it—and that's why you all dislike her—and I have every confidence in her—and if she says young Norton's to go, he goes."

There had been a rush of dogs, horses and pink coats past the farm, but it had not been noticed in the storm. And now an elderly man stood in the doorway. He was also in "pink."

"Heslop, something's happened to my saddle—by Jove—a stage picture! What's up? I beg your pardon—Lady Selina—is it really you?"

The girl went forward; she was a little sulky, but she decided that, after all, it was just as well.

"Yes; Sir Archibald. C'est moi!"

"God bless my soul, child! To think that I should have discovered you! How did you get here? How's your plan for the 'Sublimation of the Lower Working Class?' Ah! ah! They've bowled you over, I expect. There, you needn't explain. Never mind. What are you doing here?"

"I'm living here, and I'm going to stay—because—"

"Well; I know Heslop. I knew his father. Good people. Very solid people—but I say. What about your people—"

"Please say nothing to them yet. I wait my time."

"Of course. I obey, Lady Selina; though I don't know that you're right. Are you pretty comfortable here?"

"I assure you I am, indeed;" and somehow she got hold of Joseph's trembling hand and held it tight, and fixed herself right up against the young farmer, so that he had to put his arm round her.

"And, more than that, I am quite perfectly happy—because, you see, I'm Heslop's wife."—Madame.

THE TREATY WITH PRUSSIA.

One Clause of the Agreement Was Drawn Up by Benjamin Franklin.

In 1785, the United States and Prussia entered into a treaty, some provisions of which show a remarkably advanced "spirit of civilization and humanity." On our part it was signed by Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. Hon. S. C. Barrows, M. C. from Massachusetts, furnishes one article of this treaty, copied by himself from the original manuscript now in the archives of the department of state at Washington. From Dr. Franklin's well-known abhorrence of war and its cruelties, as well as from the style of composition, we may guess that the paragraph which follows was drawn by his own hand:

"If war should arise between the two contracting parties, the merchants of either country then residing in the other shall be allowed to remain nine months to collect their debts and to settle their affairs, and may depart freely, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance. And all women and children, scholars of every faculty, cultivators of the earth, artisans, manufacturers and fishermen, unarmed and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages or places, and in general, all others whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, shall be allowed to continue their respective employments and shall not be molested in their persons, nor shall their houses or goods be burnt or otherwise destroyed, nor their fields wasted by the armed forces of the enemy, into whose power by the events of the war they may happen to fall; but if anything is necessary to be taken from them for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price, and all merchant and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained, and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested; and neither of the contracting powers shall grant or issue any commission to any private armed vessels empowering them to take or destroy such trading vessels or interrupt such commerce."—Christian Register.

A Natural Error.

Mr. Gotham (angrily)—What do you mean, sir, by saying in your paper that while at Albany I spent my time among the saloons?

Editor—My dear sir, that was a printer's mistake. What I wrote was that you spent your time among the solons, meaning, of course, the members of the state legislature.

Mr. Gotham—Huh! That was a strange mistake for a printer to make.

Editor—Well, you see, sir, the printer used to live in Albany, and—er—I suppose it comes sort o' natural to him to get such words as solons and saloons mixed up.—N. Y. Weekly.

Where It Failed.

"I used to have a terrible time finding the things I put away," said Mrs. Smythe. "Till recently I have overcome the difficulty by keeping a notebook, in which I enter the place whenever an article was laid away."

"Why, that seems just perfect," twittered Mrs. Tompkins; "but what's the matter recently?"

"Why, I've put away the horrid notebook, too."—Illustrated American.

Marshmallow Filling.

Soak a tablespoonful of powdered white gum arabic in two tablespoonfuls of warm water for half an hour; stand it over hot water and carefully stir until dissolved. Boil a cupful of sugar and half a cupful of water together until they spin a thread; pour, while hot, over the whites of two well-beaten eggs, beating continuously; then add the gum arabic and beat until stiff and cold.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Looks Like Rain.

"It looks like rain to-day," said the affable milkman, as he dumped the regular quart into the pitcher.

"It always does," said the woman, and the milk man drove off wondering why some people take such gloomy views of everything.—Keystone.

Information.

Jamie—Pa, what is "lese majeste?"

Pa—That's the Latin way of calling a crowned head a blamed chump.—Cleveland Leader.

Superlative.

It is not the best man at a wedding who gets a better half.—N. O. Picayune.

Anna—"They say I have my mother's mouth and nose." Hannah—"Well, your mother was lucky to get rid of 'em."—Yonkers Statesman.

Most cities have such slow means of travel it requires an hour to reach Sixty-second street.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their feet wet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. The chances are they will be all right in the morning. Continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days, until all cough has disappeared.

Old coughs are also cured; we mean the coughs of bronchitis, weak throats and irritable lungs. Even the hard coughs of consumption are always made easy and frequently cured by the continued use of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Every doctor knows that wild cherry bark is the best remedy known to medical science for soothing and healing inflamed throats and lungs.

Put one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters

over your lungs

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AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

ROAD BUILDING HINTS.

Compiled by Mr. A. W. Campbell, C. E., Canadian Provincial Instructor in Roadmaking.

Roads that "break up" are bad roads.

Make road improvements in such a way that they will be permanent.

Undertake road work systematically.

Appoint a supervisor who will have charge of all the road work.

Make road beats five miles in length; choose the best men as pathmasters, and keep them in office.

Classify roads according to the nature and extent of the traffic over them.

Specify the width of grade, amount of crown, plan of drainage, kind, width and depth of material to be used, and see that these specifications are carried out.

Use clean road material.

Do not scatter money in making trifling repairs on temporary structures.

Roads, culverts and bridges will always be required; their construction in the most durable manner is most economical.

The pathmaster should inspect the roads under his charge after every heavy rainstorm. A few minutes' work in freeing drains from obstructions, filling holes, diverting a current of water may save several days' work if neglected.

It is impossible to do satisfactory work on clay roads which are very wet or which have become baked and hardened by heat and drought. The operator of the grading machine should have instructions to commence work on clay roads as soon as the ground has become sufficiently settled in spring—and not to leave this work until the ground is hard and dry.

PROGRESS IN THE SOUTH.

(View of a Good Road in the Town of Sandersville, Ga.)

With the money which can be spent, build permanent culverts, permanent bridges, buy machinery, buy gravel pits, prepare gravel for hauling, construct drains, operate the machinery.

Do not leave the gravel or broken stone just as it drops from the wagon; spread the metal.

Crown the road with a rise of one inch to the foot, from side to center, so as to shed water from the roadway to the drains.

Give the open drain a good fall to a free outlet. Lay tile under drains where needed.

Drain thoroughly. Keep the road surface dry. Keep the earth underneath the surface dry.

Use road machinery.

Use graders, stone crushers and road rollers.

Improved machinery is as necessary for good and economical work as are self-binders and steam threshers.

Employ one man to take charge of the machine. He will become experienced and do better work.

The same teams should be always employed to operate the graders. They become accustomed to the work and give better service.

Do not cover an old gravel road with sod and earth from the sides of the road. Turn this earth and sod outward, and raise the center with new gravel.

Adopt every means to secure a hard, smooth, waterproof surface.

Do not let stones roll loosely on the road.

Do not let ruts remain; they make traveling difficult, and spoil the road by holding water.

Make repairs as soon as the defect appears.

Use wide tires.

Improve the drainage of the hills. Make the crown of the roadway higher than on level ground.

Change the location of the road if a steep hill can be avoided.

Do not use wood for culverts. Use concrete, vitrified pipe or stone.

Do not use wooden bridges. Use iron, stone or concrete.

Build good roads.

Coal Ashes for Roads.

Coal ashes are said to have been used on the roads of Malone, N. Y., with satisfactory results.

DIRT IN THE DAIRY.

Wherever It Is Allowed to Exist Failure Is But a Question of Very Short Time.

When is a dairy clean? The safest answer to this question lies in describing when a dairy is dirty, and dangerously dirty, too, says the New York Farmer. When woodwork in the dairy gives off a smutty, musty, fusty acid, rank and spoiled buttery smell it is dirty. When tin vessels, such as pails, cans, dippers, cups and skimmers, after being "thoroughly washed," give off a sourish smell, or show dark lines of matter in the folds and seams of the tin they are dirty, and the dirt of just such a sort, and in just such places, as to encourage the bacteria in the air to drop down upon it, to crawl into it, to feed upon it and to multiply in it until they swarm in it and are ready to launch themselves into the milk put into those vessels. When the windows, walls, floors and fixtures in the dairy are unpleasant to the smell when the room is warmed up there is dirt present, enough dirt to have an effect upon the flavor and other qualities of the milk and of the butter made from it. When a vessel from which milk is removed shows a layer of black sediment in the bottom, smelling with unpleasant suggestiveness of the barnyard, there is dirt, plain, straight, unmistakable dirt there, dirt that is unpleasant to think of as a component part of milk that is to be used by humans as food. No dairy showing these things in any degree can really be called "clean" or decently clean, or healthfully clean. Hardly any other occupation on earth makes such demands for cleanliness and offers such difficulties in the work of securing cleanliness as the milk and butter and cheese industry.

WHY WOMEN EXCEL.

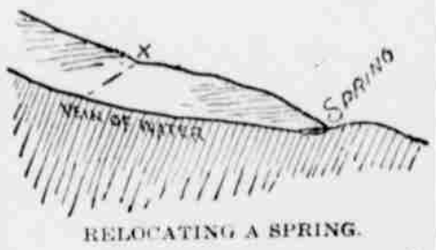
It Is Because in the Management of Farm Dairies They Are More Patient Than Men.

P. B. Crosby speaks a great truth when he says: Not long ago, while visiting a friend, the cows were driven up to water just at dinner time. The master asked who had told the boy to drive the cows up, and the mistress said that she had. The cows, she said, had to stay in the field all day without any water, and the milk was falling off in consequence, and she had told the boy to bring them up every day to water at dinner time. I instantly thought of several innovations on this farm inspired by the mistress of it, all of which were to the betterment of the dairy, and it occurred to me that there would be very many better dairies in this country if the better half of the farm were to do mere managing. A man usually has not the patience to attend to all the little details of dairying, and it is just the same little details that make for success. But a woman has the requisite patience and when she has a mind to manage the dairy it is far better if she does it. I know of one man who taught his wife all she knows about butter making, and she now makes a better grade of butter than he did, because she has the patience to attend to all the small items that he in his hurry manner slipped.—Dakota Field and Farm.

LOCATION OF SPRING.

Where the Water Vein Is Near the Surface Changing It Requires Little Labor.

It often happens that a spring is just a trifle too low to permit water to be brought from it to a house or barn by a pipe. It is sometimes possible in such a case to follow the vein of water that supplies the spring back onto higher ground and give it an outlet there, as at x in the illustration. Sufficient height is then afforded for carrying the water to the building desired. This plan is of course only possible where the water vein keeps near the surface.—Orange Judd Farmer.



RELOCATING A SPRING.

FEMININE DAIRY WISDOM.

Much of the profit during the winter depends upon the comfortable quarters given the cows.

Regular habits, fixed places and times for milking and regular feeding with an occasional change of diet, will do a great deal to keep your product constant and even.

Invest in some boards and shingles and put the stable in livable condition. Col. Curtis said: "It was cheaper to raise the temperature of the cow than that of the barnyard."

In every dairy barn there should be a small room where the milkers can wash their hands before milking, and with a pail and sponge at hand the udders of the cows can be washed if they have become soiled. Without perfect cleanliness there can be no good butter.—Dorothy Tucker, in Farm Journal.

TAKING ASTOR DOWN.

The Ex-American Citizen Gets Badly Snubbed in His Intercourse with the English.

William Waldorf Astor, the expatriated American millionaire, who now resides in London, is the subject of a lengthy biographical sketch in Tit-Bits, a publication issued in the British capital. Incidental to the sketch it is related how the duchess of Cleveland gently set him down on one occasion. When his grand estate offices on the Thames embankment were finished he gave a magnificent banquet to a number of swells. Showing one of the staircases in the building to the duchess, Mr. Astor is alleged to have asked:

"Isn't that handsome, your grace?"

"Yes, it certainly is," replied the duchess.

"Isn't it more so than any other staircase you ever saw?" Mr. Astor is reported to have persisted.

At this the duchess' back very naturally got up.

"Yes," she said, gently, "I admire it very much. It is much finer than our old staircase at Battle abbey, which has been spoiled these 200 or 300 years by the spurs of those stupid old knights."

Battle abbey is probably the grandest old place in England and compared with Cliveden, Mr. Astor's country house, is like a battleship to a torpedo boat.

Another story with a similar point is related in the same sketch. Mr. Astor, it is averred, was lost in admiration of the duke of Westminster's lawn at Cliveden when he first saw it and, it is said, asked the gardener:

"How do you grow turf like that?"

"Well, sir," says the gardener, rubbing his chin and looking very innocent, "you jest sows yer seed and then 'as it rolled every day for 100 years or so, sir."—Chicago Chronicle.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No Use at All.

"Mistletoe is awfully scarce this year," she said. "I'm afraid ma won't be able to get any."

"What's the use?" he asked.

And the sounds which forthwith ensued indicated that it was absolutely useless.—Philadelphia North American.

Very Low Rates Via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway.

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Sanitary Notes.

"It seems to me, doctor, that your prices are rather steep."

"Well, you must bear in mind that it is not my own health for which I am running a sanitarium."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sudden weather changes bring Soreness, Stiffness. St. Jacobs Oil brings a prompt cure.

The lead pencil is sometimes hard pushed to make remarks.—Chicago Daily News.

Cure Rheumatism with St. Jacobs Oil—Promptly. It saves money, time, suffering.

Which is the harder, to make a million or to die and leave it?—Town Topics.

Something very soothing in the use of St. Jacobs Oil for Neuralgia. Subdues and cures.

Fighting dogs meet their match.—Ram's Horn.

While some cows were passing the house one of them lowed. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Clara, "one of the horns blew! Which one was it?"—Golden Days.

Said the youth: "Er—ah—I—is there any reason why you and I should not wed?" "What has reason to do with the case?" asked the young woman. Then he knew that love alone ruled her actions.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

After a man has taken a girl to a theater as often as six times, and called upon her with chocolate in his pocket, she begins to see a resemblance in him to her favorite hero in a novel.—Atchison Globe.

A Russian peasant having gone to the town to buy himself a pair of new boots, fell asleep by the roadside on his way home, and was stripped of his cherished boots by a light-fingered tramp, but his sleep remained unbroken till a passing wagoner, seeing him lying half across the track, shouted to him to "take his legs out of the way." "My legs?" echoed the half-aroused sleeper, rubbing his eyes. "Those legs ain't mine. Mine had new boots on!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Bad Models to Follow.—He—"A self-made man is common enough, but we never hear of a self-made woman." She—"Considering the kind of article the men turn out who are in the self-making business, you can hardly blame the women for not taking up the occupation."—Boston Transcript.

"Here," shouted the bailiff, "you can't gun here. These are private grounds." "But I thought this was the open season for game," protested the sportsman.—Philadelphia North American.

Natural Selection—"I don't know what's going to become of that boy of mine. He was never known to get anything right." "Make a weather prophet of him."—Tit-Bits.

Hojack—"Callowhill is always trying to borrow money from me. I wish I knew how to get rid of him." Tomdick—"Lend him some."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

Germany and Asia Minor.

It is inevitable that Asia Minor shall eventually pass from the possession of Mohammedanism, and whether Germany accomplishes the task or not, the Sultan must yield to a Christian nation. It is just as inevitable that diseases of the digestive organs must yield to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disorders of this kind are usually called dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. The Bitters are equally good for all such complaints, regardless of the name.

Foolish, Indeed.

The Belle—A man looks awfully foolish when he's proposing.

The Benedict—Yes, and they dare to talk about "appearances being deceptive."—N. Y. Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

On visiting Niagara for the first time one is apt to carry away a falls impression.—Harlem Life.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

If you lend your money you may lose your friend—but he is generally cheap at the price.—Town Topics.

Bad, Worse, Worst Sprain. Good, Better, Best Remedy—St. Jacobs Oil.

You can always get pennies at 12 cents a dozen.—Golden Days.

Go to work on Lumbago as if you intended to cure it. Use St. Jacobs Oil.

The more worthless the man, the better his health.—Atchison Globe.

Deep as is the Sciatic nerve, St. Jacobs Oil will penetrate and cure Sciatica.

The kangaroo is none the less lively because he is on his last legs.—Golden Days.

You can't preserve happiness in "family jars."—L. A. W. Bulletin.

TWO GRATEFUL WOMEN

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Can Do My Own Work."

Mrs. PATRICK DANEHY, West Winsted, Conn., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I write to you of the benefit I have derived from using your wonderful Vegetable Compound. I was very ill, suffered with female weakness and displacement of the womb.

"I could not sleep at night, had to walk the floor, I suffered so with pain in my side and small of my back. Was troubled with bloating, and at times would faint away; had a terrible pain in my heart, a bad taste in my mouth all the time and would vomit; but now, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound, I feel well and sleep well, can do my work without feeling tired; do not bloat or have any trouble whatever.

"I sincerely thank you for the good advice you gave me and for what your medicine has done for me."

"Cannot Praise It Enough."

Miss GERTIE DUNKIN, Franklin, Neb., writes:

"I suffered for some time with painful and irregular menstruation, falling of the womb and pain in the back. I tried physicians, but found no relief.

"I was at last persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me. I feel like a new person, and would not part with your medicine. I have recommended it to several of my friends."

Heroes of the War with Spain

thousands of them, are suffering from lingering diseases induced by life in poisonous southern camps, the result of changes of climate, or of imperfect nutrition caused by improper and badly cooked food. Sleeping on the ground has doubtless developed rheumatism in hundreds who were predisposed to the disease. In such cases the Boys of '98 may take a lesson from the experience of the

Heroes of the Civil War.

Hundreds of the Boys of '63 have testified to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in driving out malaria, rheumatism and other diseases contracted during their days of hardship and privation in the army. These pills are the best tonic in the world.

Asa Robinson, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., is a veteran of the Civil war, having served in the 83rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. He went to the war a vigorous farmer's boy and came back broken in health, a victim of sciatic rheumatism. Most of the time he was unfitted for manual labor of any kind, and his sufferings were at all times intense. He says: "Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago, when my attention was called to some of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I keep on improving steadily. To them I owe my restoration to health. They are a grand remedy."—*Mt. Sterling Democrat-Message.*

At all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cts. per box, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Box V, Schenectady, N.Y.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : April 6, 1899.

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P. WAT HARDIN,

OF HARRODSBURG.

+ANNOUNCEMENTS.+

For State Auditor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. CHENAULT, of Madison county, as a candidate for Auditor of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic convention in 1899.

The School Book Question.

On yesterday we furnished our readers the information necessary to form the basis of an intelligent opinion upon the question of further legislation concerning the purchase of school books for our common schools. The Herald has not taken any part in this dispute—not because it did not have definite views on this general subject, but because it did not believe the proper time had come. It is difficult to interest the people in several issues at the same time; and we saw not evidence that just now the people were taking any special interest in this school book controversy. Kentucky has no interest as important as her common school system, and none lies nearer the heart of her people; but we have a fairly good system which is working fairly well and with which the people are fairly well satisfied. We are of the opinion that there are defects which can be easily remedied and which had better be remedied. It would be better—we think—to abolish the office of trustee altogether and control the country schools somewhat after the mode of our city schools. And other amendments could be wisely made. We have a prejudice against state boards to regulate and control the publication and selection of books; and prefer the present law to the Chinn bill, and think it best to let that matter alone. The cry of "trust" is always raised when some one has a job to put through. And the claim of enormous savings through this state trust is all humbug. The state wants good school books by competent authors; and competition will secure reasonable rates and good books. And the poorest possible economy is to put poor books in the hands of our children. We are in favor of good school houses, good teachers, good furniture and good books, and to adopt cheese-paring economy in either is criminal and destructive. We do not build such school houses as we ought and; we do not pay our teachers as we should; we do not beautify our schools as they should be; and our books are none too good now. This raid upon our common schools is in the interest of some job, and is a cheap cry of those who have a contempt for the intelligence of the people and believe they can obtain office by a clamorous assault on anything charged to be a trust.—Lexington Herald.

Will Hold A Holy Snow.

THE Jackson Hustler says "the Christian Scientists are erecting a house of worship in that town," and the presumption prevails that later on they will hold a holy show.

Our Obituary Sounds All Right.

THE Beattyville Enterprise, Clay City Chronicle and the HAZEL GREEN HERALD are no more forever. It seems that the soil of the mountains is not congenial for newspapers. At least this is the history of the past. There is some talk that THE HERALD will revive, and we hope such will be the case, as Brother Cooper has worked long and faithfully in his locality to make THE HERALD a signal success, and such it was, and it certainly deserves a better fate.—Jackson Hustler.

Written for THE HERALD.]

Cassity On Goebel.

PARAGON, KY., March 27, 1899.

My Dear Cooper: Will you for the sake of "auld lang syne" allow me to say a few wo·ds in THE HERALD concerning Senator Goebel, the Kenton statesman? Allow me to say; first, that I am glad THE HERALD has gotten well of the "grippe" and that its issue of March 23d is the best local newspaper I ever saw.

I notice in the issue referred to several editorial references to the gubernatorial race which leave no question as to your opposition to my friend, Mr. Goebel, and as you don't seem to be shouting yourself hoarse for either of the fellows, I am led to the belief that you are taking pattern after our old friend John Minor Botts, sometimes called "Tin-cup," of Mt. Sterling, who is never FOR anybody specially, but always AGAINST somebody, or like the Irishman newly landed at Castle Garden, who when asked about his politics said. "I know nothing about the politics of this country, but I'm agin the gooverment."

Now, my friend, I do not write to join issue with you on any question suggested by THE HERALD, because I know you "sling a mighty nasty quill," and I am not in a position now to retaliate. But there is a question I will submit to your readers: THE HERALD seems to blame Senator Goebel for not having been born in Kentucky. This I regard as a matter over which the Senator had no control, and he has always—since childhood—regretted that it was not his more blessed privilege to have first seen the light with in the limits of this proud old commonwealth. The question I would ask your readers (not you, Cooper, and you keep still,) is this: What matters it where a candidate was born, or whether he chews "long green" or "manafac," or whether he takes sugar in "hisn," so long as he is a faithful and true Democrat, an honest man and a brainy statesman? But I am wandering—I set out to write a short

SKETCH OF WM. GOEBEL.

and to begin, I will say that Mr. Goebel has lived in Covington since early childhood—about 35 years. He was the eldest of four children when his father died about 25 years ago. The circumstances of his mother, who was a helpless invalid then, and until her death, and her children were such that Mr. Goebel, then a mere lad, was compelled to leave school and go to work.

He became the office boy of Gov. Jno. W. Stevenson, who was doubtless the best friend he ever had. After being employed in his office several years, Mr. Goebel was admitted to the bar and finally became Governor Stevenson's law partner, and remained such until his death. He made Mr. Goebel executor of his will and trustee of his estate without bond. Whatever success Mr. Goebel has attained professionally and politically, he owes it to Governor Stevenson. The governor was a typical "Virginia gentleman," the only son of Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, who was speaker of the house of representatives during the two administrations of Andrew Jackson, and in Martin Van Buren's to the court of St. James. John W. Stephenson had been governor and was senator.

There was none poorer in Covington and vicinity than Mr. Goebel, but Gov. Stevenson helped, taught, advised and encouraged him in every way possible. He was the most influential man in that part of the state, and a Democrat of Democrats.

Mr. Goebel's life has been a struggle from the very beginning. He never got anything worth having without a vigorous effort and violent opposition. He has had splendid success at the bar, and in his profession he has few peers in Kentucky.

He has been elected to the state senate from Kenton county four times consecutively and has served 12 years. If he serves out his present term he will have served 14 years.

Not being the chance bearer of a great name, made famous by others, but coming from the walks of the common people, (and there is nothing of which he is prouder,) he has always had determined, usually violent and virulent opposition in his political aspirations.

In his legislative career he passed laws reducing one-half the tolls on the bridges across the Ohio river at Covington and the twin-pike tolls on turn-pikes in Kenton county. These laws were the subject of contest from the circuit court to the supreme court of the United States. In the cases involving the validity of these laws, he represented the people in all the courts to which the cases were carried, and did so without fee or reward and paid his own expenses. The tolls were reduced and remain reduced.

He opposed the abolition of the railroad commission at the legislative session of 1887–8 and drafted the report of the committee appointed to investigate the Louisville & Nashville railroad lobby and THEREBY INCURRED THE LASTING ENMITY OF THAT CORPORATION.

He has invariably supported legislation in the interests of the people and against powerful corporate interests.

He introduced, and after a prolonged and bitter contest, secured the passage of a law making the running of a lottery a felony.

He advocated the McChord rail-road freight extortion bill and the Chinn school book law.

The election law bearing his name is "working like a charm," and gaining in popularity every day. Under the Goebel law, the Republicans can never steal the electoral vote of the state as they did in 1896.

Mr. Goebel has never favored but one "trust" and that has been the "trust" committed to him by a confiding constituency. He has the courage to stand by his convictions of right and has never bent the knee to corporation kings or their emissaries of corruption. He has always been a consistent, hard-fighting Democrat, and I doubt if a brainier man lives in Kentucky.

S. S. CASSITY.

Complimentary to our Readers.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the eminent physician and specialist, Dr. Kilmer, after years of research and study, has discovered and given to the world a most remarkable remedy, known as Swamp-Root, for the cure of kidney, liver and bladder troubles; the generous offer to send a bottle free that all may prove its wonderful merits without expense, is in itself sufficient to give the public confidence and a desire to obtain it. Swamp Root has an established reputation as the most successful remedy, and is receiving the hearty endorsement of all up-to-date physicians, hospitals and homes. If our men and women readers are in need of a medicine of this kind no time should be lost in sending their name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y., and receive a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail, upon receipt of three two cent stamps to cover cost of postage on the bottle. The regular sizes may be obtained at the drug stores. When writing please say you saw this generous offer in THE HERALD.

Mr. Harry Roseland's picture, "The Fortune Teller," which was given in supplement form with the January issue of Truth, proved so popular that the publishers have been compelled to print a new edition to supply the demand for it.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

McELREE'S

Wine of Cardui

has demonstrated ten thousand times that it is almost infallible

FOR WOMAN'S PECULIAR WEAKNESSES,

irregularities and derangements. It has become the leading remedy for this class of troubles. It exerts a wonderfully healing, strengthening and soothing influence upon the menstrual organs. It cures "whites" and falling of the womb. It stops flooding and relieves sup-

pressed and painful menstruation. For Change of Life it is the best medicine made. It is beneficial during pregnancy, and helps to bring children into homes barren for years. It invigorates, stimulates, strengthens the whole system. This great remedy is offered to all afflicted women. Why will any woman suffer another minute with certain relief within reach? Wine of Cardui only costs $1.00 per bottle at your drug store.

For advice, in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rev. J. W. SMITH, Camden, S. C., says: "My wife used Wine of Cardui at home for falling of the womb and it entirely cured her."

FRED J. HEINTZ,

Manufacturing : Jeweler,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds,

SILVERWARE, OPTICAL GOODS,

Solid Gold and Silver Medals and Class Pins.

☞Unexcelled Repairing Facilities.

135 E. Main Street,

LEXINGTON, KY.

Price List for Watch and Clock Repairing

Cleaning Watch, American make....	$1.50
" " Old English Lever.	2.00
Main Spring.....	1.50
Cleaning Clock, Amer. 8 day.....	1.25
" " French make.....	3.50
" " Nickle alarm style...	.50
Main sping in clock, Amer. make.....	1.00
" " French make...	2.50
Mending (soldering) Gold Spectacles	25-35c
" " Steel " ...	25c.

☞Repairing Jewelry according to nature of repairs.

New pins fitted into brooches (pins) 15c.

H. C. ROBINSON, OF BEATTYVILLE, KY.,

WITH

R. M. HUGHES,

PROPRIETOR

Kentucky Cider & Vinegar Works,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

Greatest Clothing Sale

In the History of the Trade, At

Louis & Gus Straus',

Lexington's Leading Clothing House.

We are badly overstocked in every department. We propose to sell you bargains when you want them and not when the season is over.

JUST THINK OF A GOOD WARM OVERCOAT at 99 cents. A beautiful satin-lined, Kersey overcoat, finest made, worth $25.00, at $12.50. 250 Boys' All-Wool Scotch Suits, double breasted, sizes 5 to 16 years, worth $4, at $2 a suit. Beautful blue and black cheviots, double breasted, up to 20 years old, worth $10, at $5.

Remember we have clothing for the Workingman—Farmer—Banker. We do not carry cheap trashy goods, but represent such manufacturers as Alfred Benjamin & Co., Strous Bros., Fechheimer, Keifer & Co., and all the leading manufacturers of the United States. You cannot afford to miss this sale as you may never have another chance in your lifetime.

We are agents for "Newburgh Never-Rip Pants," and will give you 10 per cent. off on all goods.

Beautiful Natural Wool Undershirts and Drawers, worth $2, at $1 a suit.

The best Fleece-lined Undershirts and Drawers, worth $2, at $1 a suit.

100 dozen Fancy Shirts made by Hutchinson, Pierce & Co., at 75 cents. Price never named heretofore, and worth $1.50.

☞You can afford to borrow money and pay interest to buy these goods at prices named.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,

Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

TRAINING AND FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the bezt pasture at reasonable rates.

LIVERY STABLES.

Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausey can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

☞Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired;

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel.

J. TAYLOR DAY.

F. A. LYON, JR.,

The Leading Insurance Agent of Eastern Kentucky,

Offices: Beattyville, Jackson, Hazel Green.

W. H. PIERATT has charge of the Hazel Green office, and all business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. PATRONIZE A HOME AGENCY.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

RESTORED MANHOOD

DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of
C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE HERALD.

Red River Valley Railway Co.'s

TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt.
Rothwell, Ky.

Eugene Atkinson remains very ill.

Mrs. Dr. S. B. Kash is able to be about again.

R. J. McLin returned Saturday from Winchester.

Morton Pieratt, of Maytown, was in our midst Thursday.

J. S. Hawkins preached at Daysboro last Sunday morning.

Mrs. Angeline James was taken very sick on Saturday night.

Miss Minnie Wallis, of Grassy, was in town shopping Monday.

Rev. J. H. Wallen will visit Lexington this week, so we are informed.

Dr. Felix Thomas and wife were visitors at the academy home this week.

Wanted —To trade a yearly subscription to THE HERALD for a male shoat.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Swango visited her mother Saturday and Sunday at Bethel.

Bro. Lee, pastor of the Methodist church, delivered two eloquent sermons on Sunday last.

Jno. M. Rose returned from the city last week and will have his "Spring Opening" Saturday, April 8th.

Mrs. Alexander and Daniel Davidson, of Daysboro, attended services at the Methodist church Sunday.

Herald Pieratt batched with his Uncle Mort a few days last week, and thinks that kind of life the thing.

Frank Havens, representing the Childs-Thompson Grocery Co., of Mt. Sterling, was in town Monday night.

The many friends of John B. Hollon, (Monk,) will regret to hear that he is confined to his home with sore eyes.

Jim Motley and wife left Monday for Loraine, Ohio, at which place they intend to make their future home.

Richard Brewer, of Holly, fell dead from his horse at Campton, on Tuesday, about 2 o'clock; supposed to be heart disease.

Rev. J. H. Wallen will preach at Willmore church on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and at Hazel Green at the usual hour in the evening.

"Charlie," the noted scribe of "The Daysboro Doings," was seen going up the state road on Sunday last astride a small mouse-colored donkey.

There has been much complaint about several mud holes in town, but the weather has been so inclement that it has been impossible to repair them.

Frank Havens is responsible for the statement that a near-by merchant, a few days since, contributed $5 to the missionary fund and deducted two per cent for cash.

Miss Lizzie Henry and Miss Mary McIntosh, two charming young ladies of the academy home, were the participants of an excellent dinner at the home of Bro. and Sister Lee last Sunday.

The regiment to which Ed. Jones and Moody Lacy belongs, the 22d infantry, has recently been engaged in several battles in the Philippines, and we are glad to note that the boys have so far escaped injury of any kind.

John M. Rose is papering his storeroom preparatory to the opening of his stock of goods which will take place on the 8th inst. He had no time this week to write an ad, but our readers may expect something nice in that line next week.

Wm. H. Cord will preach at Daysboro on the afternoon of the first Sunday in May, and at the Johnson school house, on the afternoon of the second Sunday in May. His theme at both places will be: "Our part in the evangelization of the world."

Our clever friend, Mr. H. G. Robinson, the hustling salesman for the R. M. Hughes vinegar and cider works of Louisville, was at Manchester week before last and sold fourteen barrels of high grade goods. Five other salesmen for other houses were also there just a short time before Mr. Robinson put in appearance and after the hardest work succeeded in disposing of only five barrels of their stuff. Robinson "gets there" when all others fail, because he is a smooth talker and his goods are the best.

C. W. Coldiron, the well-known philosopher of Hazel Green, who may well be classed with Socrates and Plato, is thinking of starting a school of philosophy in Hazel Green, for the purpose of expelling the false ideas concerning the planetary system, as taught by H. G. Pieratt, Dr. Nickell, D. S. Godsey and other contemporaries of the philosophical circle. Mr. Coldiron teaches that the world is not round, as Columbus thought it to be. He also believes that the world is stationary, and does not revolve on its axis as thought by other philosophers, and that it is not held in position by gravitation as thought by Newton, but by an immense prop under each of the four corners. Mr. Coldiron fails to give us any proof upon these subjects, but refers us to the Hon. South Coldiron, his nephew, who has been a member of his school for many years past, who will give us the details in full as taught by his school of philosophy.

H. G. Robinson, of Beattyville, who represents the R. M. Hughes cider and vinegar works, Louisville, Ky., was in our city this week in the interest of his firm. Mr. Robinson is one of the nicest gentlemen it has been our pleasure to meet and his firm could not find a man in the state better qualified to represent this section. His goods are first-class in every respect and give perfect satisfaction to his customers. He sold to a number of our merchants and they are highly delighted with his goods. Beattyville should be proud of him as one of the best commercial men in the state.

Leander Dunn, Letcher Davis and Porter Davis, who live above Lee City, and Wm. Rudd, of Magoffin county, have been in our town for a few days past. These gentlemen have all been engaged in a logging job since last fall, and in that time have gotten out 1,000,000 feet of popular, pine, ash and cucumber. In the lot was a cucumber log that cut about 700 feet.

Rolla Bailey, the young man who had his limb so terribly lacerated at a sawmill near McCausey, week before last, we are glad to say is getting along nicely. Dr. Taulbee, who was called to see him at the time, is in daily communication with his attending physicians, and he tells us that amputation will not be necessary.

Bill Combs, of Grassy, says he has four roosters sitting on duck eggs and thinks that from their devotion to duty the ducks will come. What akin the progeny will be to the parent, is the question presented, as Mr. Combs' veracity is undoubted.

H. C. Quicksall has accepted a position as salesman with H. F. Pieratt, and entered upon his duties Monday. Curt's many friends will be glad to know that he is again with us and all who have seen him have given him a hearty hand shake.

Charley Rose, who has been living with his grandparents, Uncle Bob Rose and wife, of Stillwater, is visiting his father, John H. Rose and wife, of our town.

The announcement that George Byrd had moved from across the river into the Trimble property was premature. He moved some of his effects, but his wife was so ill that he decided not to move.

Mrs. Taylor Day has been dangerously ill for several days past and her attending physicians, Drs. Mason Kash and Silas Kash, say her ailment is appendicitis.

The Queen of the Swango Springs, accompanied by her father and brother, attended Sunday school and church services at the Methodist church last Sunday.

Bob Gilley on Monday moved to the house vacated by Mrs. Amanda Chenault, and the latter has moved to the residence of Mrs. Oakley, on the state road.

Miss Rilda Wood, of Cancella tion, accompanied by her brother, Monroe, was visiting friends in and near Hazel Green Saturday and Sunday last.

Wiley Perkins, of Lacy creek, has been confined to his home with malarial fever for the past ten days, but was some better Monday morning.

Mrs. Tom Stamper, of the Stamper branch, is confined to her bed by illness and "Uncle Tom," her husband, is barely able to be about.

Dr. Nickell reports the birth of a boy to the wife of W. N. Nickell, on March 29th and to the wife of Buchanan Rose, same date, a girl.

Several of our correspondents failed to show up this week, but we hope they will have in their favors by next Monday.

Two candidates for Masonic honors in the first degree, were put through at Mizpah Lodge No. 507, Saturday night.

The editor of this paper can find a buyer for 10 or 15 shoats that will weigh 50 to 75 pounds.

Dr. Nickell was called Saturday night to Lee City, to see a daughter of Caleb Allen, who was reported quite ill.

The colored citizens had an egg cracking at the residence of Dob Higgins Sunday night.

Hazel Green district pays more tax, perhaps, than any other district in the county about $1,550.

I want about 200 clap-boards to cover smoke house. Call at HERALD office.
SPENCER COOPER.

Miss Minnie Wallis, of Consolation, was in town on the 3d.

Bro. Wallen, filled his regular appointment at Frenchburg on the 2d.

Rev. Barney Blankenship will preach at Consolation on Sunday morning.

The Sunday school at the Methodist church had a large attendance last Sunday.

The Swango mill, we understand, will start up about the 15th of the present month.

Our readers who wish to subscribe to a first-class magazine should read the ad of Lippincott's. It is a good one.

A freak of nature was born on the farm of Newt Nickell, near Ezel, one day last week. It was a calf without eyes or tail, though well developed in all other respects.

Miss Maxine Elliott being a very beautiful woman, naturally makes a very beautiful portrait. Her picture with Mr. Nat Goodwin, appearing in the April issue of the Truth, is a charming addition to the magazine's series of portraits in color.

I was reading an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the Worcester Enterprise recently, which leads me to write this. I can truthfully say that I never used any remedy equal to it for colic and diarrhoea. I never had to use more than one or two doses to cure the worst case with myself or children.—W. A. Stroud, Pocomoke City, Md. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

Remember.

It is especially urged that everybody attend the services at the Christian church on next Sunday morning and evening. The topics for sermons will be at 11 a. m., "Our Plea," and at 7:30 p. m., "Some Things That Grow Out of Our Plea." These are topics that should interest every member of the Christian church, and too, they should have the careful study of other denominations. Hear these sermons and see if the stand taken by the Christian church is scriptural.

Seed Corn.

I have for sale 75 bushels of "Golden Beauty" seed corn. This corn was brought from Pennsylvania last spring and planted for the first time in this county. It is a remarkable yielder, and every farmer should grow some of it for feed. The ears are long and tapering, and well filled, and it will give an abundant harvest even on poor ground. It will be sold for seventy-five cents a bushel. Call on Robert Nodley at the farm near the Holby grave yard, and supply yourself with good seed corn.
WM. H. CORD.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

THE BEST OF THEM ALL!!

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Contains a complete novel in every number, in addition to a large quantity of useful and entertaining reading matter.

No continued stories, which are so objectionable to most readers.

It should be in every household. Subscription, $3.00 per year.

Agents wanted in every town, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, PHILADELPHIA.

Do You Want to Make Money?

$10.00 to $25.00 per Week Guaranteed.

We want intelligent, hustling representatives to handle the most beautiful and popular line of fast selling books and Bibles ever issued by any house. Up-to-date, quick sellers, low retail prices, liberal terms and fair dealing are the inducements we offer. Credits given and freights paid. We want you with us. Don't make your plans till you hear from us. Write us by return mail.
THE HUDGINS PUB. CO.,
je8 Kiser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Hazel Green Academy.

Normal and Preparatory School.

PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS.
English Course;
Latin Scientific Course;
Preparatory Classical Course;
Preparatory Ministerial Course;
Teacher's Course;
Business Course;
Musical Courses.

Thorough work in every department.

Attendance now the best in the history of the school.

Second term began January 2nd and ends June 7th, 1899.
WM. H. CORD,
Principal.
Jan. 19, 1899.

R. H. BRYAN,
SALESMAN FOR
Pearson & Clark,
WHOLESALE + GROCERS,
LEXINGTON. KY.

I AM 88 YEARS OLD, and never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grip as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe, Paducah, Ky.

"Ring out the old Ring in the new
Ring out the false Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S
Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a *Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure* for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the microbe-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS
Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 Sizes
BE SURE YOU GET
Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

TRUTH

IS THE NEW

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

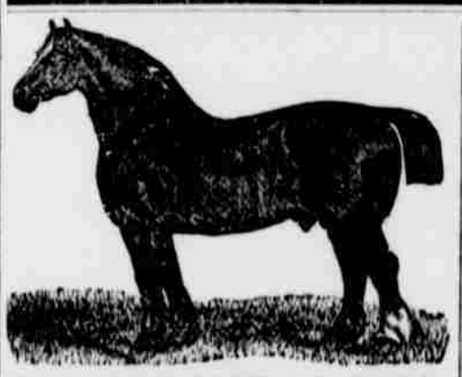
in every issue of which are BEAUTIFUL COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS. Nothing to equal the beauty and finish of these WONDERFUL COLORED PICTURES has ever before been attempted in any periodical.

The series of articles now running in TRUTH on AMERICAN ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK, freely illustrated in colors and in black and white, from paintings by the artists the articles are on, is of exceptional merit and interest.

Buy a copy of any newsman. You will be pleased with it.

SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS. SUBSCRIPTION PER YEAR, $3.00

TRUTH COMPANY
19TH STREET & FOURTH AVENUE. NEW YORK



CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.

This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1893, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT,
Or $5 To Insure A Mare In Foal,

money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A lein on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due. Every care will taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

CONNAUGHT 2ND, 3512 is a beautiful bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine roadster; 9 years old this spring. He was sired by Victor of Beetly 1587; dam Bonnie 1925, by Highflyer 1006; Victor of Beetley 1587 by Reliance 667, grand dam by Congress 164; Reliance 667 by Confidence 158, dam by Rifleman 670.

NOTE.—His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse—but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables.
Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

IKE HARTFIELD,
Headquarters Mt. Sterling, Ky.,
REPRESENTS
GUGGENHEIMER & Co.
LYNCHBURG, VA.,
Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, Notions and Fancy Goods. We manufacture the well known "BEATS-ALL" Pants and Overalls. Hold your orders until you see him.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
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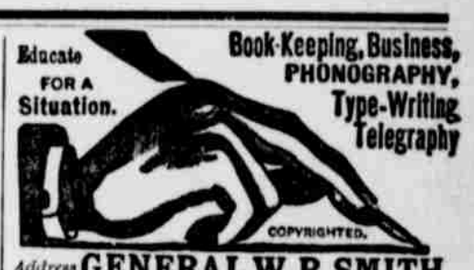

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TO MY WIFE.

'Tis many a year since you and I,
In holy troth and faith,
Joined heart and hand, and vowed to be
Husband and wife till death.

Ah me, how much of good and ill,
Of pleasure and of pain,
Our eyes have seen, our hearts have felt,
Dear wife, dear heart, since then!

Yet in our humble home-nest we
Still happy sit, and sing
A sweeter song than skylarks trill,
In praise of love and spring.

When winter comes to us, and clouds
Obscure the light of day,
We murmur not, because we know
That we have had our May;

We know behind the clouds the sun
Shines somewhere in the blue,
And that the darkest night but brings
The stars more clear to view.

By bearing one another's griefs,
Their weight one-half is less,
And sharing one another's joys,
We double happiness;

Life, measured by this golden rule,
Becomes, despite the tears
Which sometimes blur the bluest skies,
A round of happy years.

And with this golden rule, dear wife,
We ever will comply,
In sweet contentment seeing thus
The tide of time glide by.

Ready, whate'er the outcome be,
Life's shade or shine to share,
Content to know its issues are
Safe in our Father's care.

They truest live who live for love,
Love is life's crown of bliss,
The soul of life is deathless love—
Who loves immortal is!
—Charles W. Hunter, in Atlanta Constitution.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been prearranged.

Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with greasers.

Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep disappointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's at the cantonment.

Chapter XIII.—Three personal telegraph messages come for Merriam from Parry. Latter is notified of Merriam's mishap miles from post. A dispatch from her lawyer on his way to the fort, together with account of serious injuries to Merriam, causes Mrs. McLane to faint.

Chapter XIV.—Merriam is brought in in the ambulance, inquires for Florence, but gets only an evasive answer, doctor fearing news of her flight may prove fatal to him.

Chapter XV.—During absence of hospital attendant Mrs. McLane steals in on Merriam, hoping to get from him some papers or information; tells him of his wife's disappearance. Randy staggers out to the stable, and is shortly galloping madly off over the mesa. Mrs. McLane breaks down, tells of dying message of her stepson to effect that the first Mrs. McLane was alive at time of her (Fannie's) marriage, and of the blackmail and extortion practiced on McLane by his first wife and her family. Finally this Mrs. McLane agreed to leave him on payment of a big cash sum. McLane hears that his Sacramento wife had married again, but lawyers sent to investigate are confronted by the news of her death.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

They found her grave, headstone and all, but could get no trace of her long-devoted lover. It was surmised that he had taken what was left of the money and gone elsewhere in search of consolation. McLane came back to New York, met Fanny Hayward, fell in love, and Uncle Mellen urged the match in every way; and we know the result. There was a fortnight in which McLane seemed the happiest of men. Then came a shock. Fanny found him nearly crazed with trouble. A letter had come purporting to be from that supposed-to-be-dead woman demanding further heavy payment as the price of her silence. McLane honestly told Fan the truth, and was astonished at her decision. She bade him "pay the money and have done with it."

They might have doubted the genuineness of her letter, but there was no doubting that of young McLane's dying statement, witnessed by the officers from Sedgwick. He declared his mother alive. And so one crime led to another. No sooner had they reached California than the whole Perkins family seemed resurrected, and blackmail was their business. The eldest sister demanded heavy hush-money, and it was paid. The second sister turned up with her husband and a preposterous demand. It was they who haunted him at the San Francisco club, and the man, drunk and triumphant, insolently demanding money that night, had fired that well-nigh fatal shot when repudiated, defied, and struck. The very next day at their hotel came a letter warning them to silence as to the identity of the assailants. So long as these latter were allowed to escape arrest they would keep the secret, but if arrested and brought to trial they would proclaim McLane a bigamist. All this was made known to Uncle Mellen, and he, too, backed the niece's cause and kept up the deception. But no one could tell where the first wife was hidden. "She will be produced when needed, and her money must be paid through her sister." The money, a large sum, was paid, and then there was temporary peace. But McLane drooped and died under the weight of shame and anxiety. There was quarreling between the widow and the guardian and further demands from those cormorants, who now openly threatened to claim the dead man's estate for the widow and her son—they, at least, knew nothing of the latter's death; and then Fanny, coming to Sedgwick, tried to reassert her old sovereignty over Merriam and to gain possession of the papers of which her husband had told her and which Randy had long since sent to Parry, but concerning which she had never spoken to her brother-in-law, believing him to be ignorant of their existence; and it pleased Ned Parry to let her live on in ignorance that he had them. He took a curious interest in making a study of her, and had, without consulting his client, a more than professional interest in the case.

But now Bullock, the man who shot McLane, had been traced to and arrested in Chicago, together with his dashing helpmeet. Uncle Mellen had been prostrated by paralysis as a result of the news. The secret could be no longer kept, and Fanny McLane, hunted, desperate, self-deluded, and self-drugged, believed herself a ruined woman when at last Ned Parry came.

Too ill to see him, she seemed at least relieved to know he had come, and that night in Grafton's parlor he sat gravely listening to Harriet's recital of what Fanny had detailed to her, making no comment, but taking it all in, when, just at tattoo, a trooper dismounted at the gate and bore to Mrs. Grafton a brief missive from her husband. It was written that morning nearly 20 miles northwest of Jose's ranch.

"You must prepare Merriam for the worst," it said. "There is reason to believe poor Florence has fallen into the hands of a little band of Apaches. The sign is unmistakable and we are just starting in pursuit."

CHAPTER XVI.

Late that anxious night one battalion of the riflers returned to Sedgwick, Hayne's company one of the four, and very grave he looked when told of the events of the past 48 hours. Acting on the report of Capt. Grafton that Apache signs had been found in the foothills north of Jose's, Buxton had ordered another troop to march to reenforce him, and this troop Hayne obtained permission to accompany. It marched at dawn, so he had barely three hours in which to prepare. Mr. Parry, wearied with his journeying and many cares, had been escorted to Merriam's vacated quarters by Whittaker some little time before midnight, and there he was made welcome by Hop Ling and given the room abandoned by the master of the house so short a time before. Many people, between anxiety as to the fate of their beloved Florence and their eagerness to receive the riflers on their return, sat up until two o'clock; but Parry, though filled with anxiety as keen, was well aware that nothing was to be gained by his spending a wakeful night and listening to all manner of theory as to the cause of the fair fugitive's sudden deflection from the road to the ranch. Hayne, therefore, did not meet nor see him, but, as soon as it was light, rode forth ahead of the troop, meaning to go first to Jose's, see his wife and Dr. Gould, and then strike out northward, confident of meeting the second troop somewhere in the open country that there spread for miles before him.

Buxton had sent a party on the trail of Merriam within an hour of his dash and with orders to bring him back to the post, but they had not been heard from since their start, "and," said Whittaker, "they're not likely to be. Those fellows barely ride one mile to Randy's two. It's my belief he will just pull up at Jose's and then go straight on to the foothills, as probably she did."

But Randy was having a ride the like of which was not recorded in the annals of Fort Sedgwick since the days when, long before the war, the First Dragoons and the Navajos battled for the mastership of the Santa Clara. Ignorant as yet of the report of Apaches in the foothills of the Mescalero, his one theory was that she had gone to Jose's, intending from there to push on to the cantonment. The thought of her daring so long and so hard a ride at a time when she should be guarded with the utmost care was in itself a source of dire distress to him, and he could hardly have speeded faster and with grimmer determination to defy all pain or weariness had he dreamed of the deadly perils that lurked about her path. Of the fact that Valdez and his few followers had eventually fled northward and across the road to the Catamount he had heard nothing. Through Hop Ling's chatter he had gathered that Grafton and his men were gone in search of Florence and that Mrs. Hayne and Dr. Gould were at Jose's. He dare not stop to make inquiries at the garrison. He was under medical care—therefore under doctor's orders, and on complaint of the acting surgeon it would be perfectly competent for Buxton to place him in close arrest. His one idea, therefore, was to put as much ground as possible between the post and himself. He know he could get another horse at Jose's, so Brown Dick was never spared an instant. At three o'clock, galloping free, the gallant horse was stretching away northwestward over the low, rolling earth-waves that seemed to spread to the very lap of the Mescalero, spanning the horizon toward the setting sun. Far behind him, the scattered ranches and the sparse green foliage of the Santa Clara. Far away on either hand, the lumpy, sandy barren, dotted everywhere with little dull-hued tufts of coarse herbage or stunted sage. Ahead of him the tortuous, twisting, dusty trail, dented with scores of hoof-prints, the tracks of Grafton's troop on its way to the rescue. By this time Randy was burning with thirst, but the water in his can-

A brief missive from her husband.

teen was warm and nauseating. He raised the felt-covered flask to his lips from time to time and rinsed his mouth and moistened his parching throat, but that did not allay the craving. He had still 30 miles to go before he could reach Jose's and exchange Brown Dick for a broncho, and have Dr. Gould renew the dressing of his wounded arm. He knew that Florence had failed to appear there, but he knew her pluck and spirit, and believed he knew the reason—that there might be sojourners there either from the Catamount or from the post who would seek to turn her back or hold her there; and he knew that in her overwrought, half-maddened state she was starving for her mother's petting and her father's arms. He knew her so well that any attempt to dissuade her now would result, he felt assured, only in frantic outburst and more determined effort to push ahead.

Then he had another and even better reason for thinking he could quickly find Mignon's trail, although it might be miles to the north of Jose's. On their return from their latest visit to the Catamount they were having a glorious run with the hounds one lovely November morning, and the jackrabbits led them far out to the north of the road among the buttes and bowlders that clustered about the course of a little stream, barely a yard wide anywhere, that rippled out from among the foothills only to be lost in the sands of the desert to the east. One vigorous old rabbit, close followed by the hounds, had tacked suddenly and darted up this narrow valley, and Floy and Mignon, all excitement, darted after him, while Randy, guiding Brown Dick behind, watched with fond, proud eyes his young wife's graceful, fearless riding. Far up toward the head of the brook poor jack had been tossed in air by the pointed muzzle of his closest pursuer and then pounced upon by the panting hounds, and Randy found that they were in a little amphitheater among the buttes—found the little spring in which the streamlet had its birth, and there they dismounted and unsaddled and let the horses roll; and here they took their luncheon, and had a happy, loving hour, all alone with the horses and hounds in this little world of their own; and Floy had named the spot—a fond, foolish little caprice, perhaps, and vowed that it was to be her refuge by-and-by. "This is where I am coming to build my lonely cloister one of these days, when you grow weary of me, sir," she had laughingly said. And now, as he plied spurs to Dick's heaving sides, Randy wondered, wondered whether it might not be that she had made that wide detour around Jose's purposely to find and revisit that romantic little nook and there pour out her grief to the solitude of the silent foothills.

At five o'clock Brown Dick was black with sweat and dust and streaked with foam, but still pressed gamely on, and Randy, with white, set face, in which deep lines of pain and weariness were graving, gazed fixedly ahead with burning, fevered eyes, conscious that strength was failing him and praying for the first sight of those dun adobe walls of Jose's sheltering ranch.

Just at seven o'clock of the early winter's evening the denizens of Jose's heard the thud of horse's hoofs at the gate and the hail of a feeble voice. Jose's wife at that moment was in half-tearful talk with Mrs. Hayne, who from dawn till dark had been on watch—hoping against hope for tidings of Florence, and who now, wearied with long vigil and well-nigh worn out with anxiety, was lying down in search of sleep. Gould, veteran soldier and surgeon that he was, could no longer bear the suspense and inaction at the ranch. He had borrowed one of Jose's horses, and, with a half-breed Mexican for guide, had ridden away at dawn, hoping to strike Grafton's trail and follow him into the mountains, whither he was supposed to have ridden in pursuit of the Apaches. Gould was a skeptic. He said he didn't believe a dozen Apaches were off their reservation. He didn't believe half a dozen had ventured over the New Mexican line, and if any had he was willing to bet a month's pay they were not hostile. This was comforting to Mrs. Hayne, but Jose's people were not so easily cured of their conviction. By the time the rumor reached the ranch, brought in by stampeded herdsmen, no one of whom had seen an Indian, but each of whom could tell tremendous tales of their doings in the valley, it was declared that at least 50 of Victorio's old band were raiding the Santa Clara and might be expected to assault Jose's at any moment. The corral was filled, therefore, with scraggy cow ponies and swarthy men, and the sight of an officer, one-armed, pallid, exhausted, reeling earthward from an equally exhausted steed, was all that was necessary to complete the panic. Over half the Mexicans present made a mad rush for the subterranean refuge known as the "dug-out," and but for a couple of troopers who had put into Jose's with lamed and useless horses Randy would have gone headlong to the ground. They caught him just in time, and bore him inside the ranch where the sight of his death-like face drove Jose almost frantic. But the troopers knew what to do for their officer and speedily brought him round, and when he asked for Dr. Gould they told him of his going, and Randy's next demand was for coffee and a fresh horse.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Criticisms of the Declaration of Independence Are Easily Disposed Of.

The Declaration is divided into two parts: First, the statement of certain general principles of the rights of men and peoples, and, second, an attack on George III. as a tyrant, setting forth in a series of propositions the wrongs done by him to the Americans which justified them in rebellion. Criticism has been directed first against the attack on the king, then to the originality of the doctrines enunciated, then against the statement of the rights of man, Jefferson's "self-evident truths," and finally against the style.

The last criticism is easily disposed of. Year after year, for more than a century, the Declaration of Independence has been solemnly read in every city, town and hamlet in the United States to thousands of Americans, who have heard it over and over again, and who listen to it in reverent silence and rejoice that it is theirs to read. If it had been badly written, the most robust patriotism would be incapable of this habit. False rhetoric or turgid sentences would have been their own death warrant, and the pervading American sense of humor would have seen to its execution. The mere fact that Jefferson's words have stood successfully this endless repetition is infallible proof that the Declaration has the true and high literary quality which alone could have preserved through such trials its impressiveness and its savor. To those who will study the Declaration carefully from the literary side, it is soon apparent that the English is fine, the tone noble and dignified, and the style strong, clear and imposing.—Senator H. C. Lodge, in Scribner's.

No Novelty.

"I'm afeard," remarked Farmer Cantossel, "thet the period of usefulness fur that politician is about to be drawed to a close."

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife, "is it a case of overwork?"

"No," was the answer; "'tain't nothin' so onusual as overwork. It's a plain old-fashioned case of overtalk.—Washington Star.

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A Young Philosopher.

"Now, Gladys," said a mother, "if you wake up early Sunday be a good girl and lie still. Perhaps you'll go to sleep again." But early Sunday morning the child was out of bed as usual and came pattering into her mother's room. "Gladys," cried mamma, reproachfully, "you're a naughty girl. Now go right back to bed again. Here, I'll tuck you in." So the mother arose and escorted the wakeful child back to her bed. Gladys crawled under the covers, and her mother made her as comfortable as possible. "Now," said the child, "give me something to read, please." Her mother turned to the bookshelves. "What do you want?" she said. "Give me 'Aesop's Fables,' said Gladys. She took the book with a happy smile and held it tightly in her arms. "Now," she said, with a long-drawn sigh, "I'll read till you call me. And I know what I'll read—I'll read 'The Contented Ass.'" And the little philosopher opened the magic book.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Employer (irascibly)—"Confound that boy! He's never around when he is wanted." Clerk—"I think it must be hereditary with him, sir. His father is a policeman."—Golden Days.

She—"You played poker again last night." He (who lost all he had)—"No, my dear; I was merely an onlooker at the game."—Philadelphia North American.

One of the Penalties of Wealth.

If you are any man's rich kin, his neighbors have heard all about you.—Atchison Globe.

Hereafter we shall be able to show our teeth without having Europe act as if we had just cut them.—Town Topics.

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The Monetary Problem.

HELPS ONLY THE BANKS.

A Prominent Englishman Says Bimetallism Is the Most Vital Question Up for Discussion.

Whatever I may be able to say in favor of the great cause of bimetallism, either in my own country or your progressive republic, will be said with pleasure. In its relation to the welfare of the people of all nations I consider this the greatest and most vital subject that is now up for discussion.

The advocates of the gold standard claim that among its other virtues it supplies us with a stable and uniform currency, a matter of the utmost importance in international transactions. I admit the importance, but I deny the claim of stability. On the contrary, the facts prove that of all the currencies that men have tried gold is the most unstable, for the simple reason that we look to its supposed "intrinsic" value, which constantly fluctuates under the influence of the natural law of supply and demand, and this is the secret of unsettled markets and constantly recurring panics.

Ever since the general demonetization of silver in 1873 we find that its purchasing power with reference to products has been much more stable than that of gold. For instance, the silver rupee and the silver dollar have remained in close companionship in their "intrinsic" or bullion value with the measure or weight of produce that they would buy, as anyone can see by comparing the market reports for the series of years that have elapsed since the demonetization.

We will go back to 1893, the year of final demonetization in your country and India, and observe the steady decline of prices in almost exact proportion to that of the bullion value of silver. We use the Sauerbeck tables, because they are admittedly standard all the world over.

The movement in the prices of commodities during last month, indicated by Mr. Sauerbeck's index number for October, was very slight. The number worked out from the prices of the 45 representative articles embraced in his system was 63.6, against 63.9 for September. The trifling decline here shown was due entirely to a somewhat downward tendency in the prices of pork, bacon, butter, textile raw materials and hides, but the changes were quite unimportant. The following table gives the average index number for each completed year since 1892, and that for each of the last six months:

Year.		1898.	
1892	68	May	66.4
1893	63	June	64.7
1894	62	July	64.3
1895	61	August	64.0
1896	62	September	63.9
		October	63.6

The increase for '97 and the first part of '98, everyone will understand, was due to famine conditions in certain countries of the old world, compelling the people in those countries to call upon their hoarded savings for the means of sustaining life, thus producing a temporary expansion of the currency and an upward tendency of prices. But, those conditions having passed, you will observe the renewal of the decline in June of the present year and its steady continuance down nearly to the lowest level previously reached. That we shall return to that level and go still lower (unless the cause shall be removed) no one doubts who has ever given a moment's unprejudiced thought to the subject.

The rupee is not merely a token coin, like our shilling, with legal limitations on its legal tender power, but it is the standard money and common currency of India and Ceylon. Under conditions of full liberty between gold and silver for the monetary purpose there would indeed be fixity of value between the rupee and the sovereign, a fixity, however, not like that proposed by the Indian government, but a fixity resulting from the absence of restrictions on the coinage and circulation. A system, artificial from first to last, such as that put forward in the proposals of the Indian government, is opposed in the strongest way to the naturalness of the working of a true gold and silver monetary system.

This question is of practical importance, having regard to the fact that gold has already appreciated to such an extent that in the wholesale markets it has now the same general purchasing power as £100 had in the years 1867-8, and also to the fact that, although just now there is a lull in the appreciation of gold, there is every reason to expect that, in the absence of open mints and unrestricted legal tender for both gold and silver alike, this upward tendency will continue. It goes without saying that if India is placed permanently on the gold standard, bearing in mind her vast population and her hoarding propensities, an enormous quantity of gold will be absorbed. Its value will thus be increased to a greater extent than would otherwise be the case, and its appreciation would also be intensified. Seeing that India is largely indebted to this country, and that this indebtedness, together with the annual payments for interest and other home charges, must be paid in gold, or in commodities measured by gold, it would appear to be a mistaken policy on the part of India to do anything that would lead to the appreciation of gold. The best way to prevent its appreciation is not to use it.

In conclusion, it appears to me that the animus of the gold standard propagation in your country can be found in your financial reports. A recent statement of the United States comptroller of the currency shows that the total amount of national bank notes in circulation on October 31, 1898, was $238,546,281, an increase for the month of $4,189,331, and an increase for the year of $9,499,916. The circulation based on United States bonds amounted to $210,045,458, an increase for the month of $4,989,393 and an increase for the year of $6,119,776. The circulation secured by lawful money aggregated $29,500,823, a decrease for the month of $800,062 and an increase for the year of $3,380,140. The amount of United States registered bonds on deposit to secure circulation was $235,618,470, and to secure public deposits $70,875,100. Of these amounts $58,544,220 is in the new three per cent. loan of 1898. The remarkable fact about this statement seems to be that the volume of bank currency in the United States based on debt merely—in this case the war debt—is increasing rapidly, far more rapidly than the increase based on what is known as "lawful money"—that is, greenbacks and gold and silver dollars—notwithstanding the large imports of gold into the United States. It is difficult to understand how this can be described as progress in the direction of "sound money." The only progress an unprejudiced thinker is able to discover is towards the benefit of your national banks.—Donald Graham, in Mississippi Valley Democrat.

WHAT IS SOUND MONEY?

None of the Authorities Would Give That Title to a Currency Based on Gold.

Those who twaddle and prate about "sound money" and turn their learned and delicate noses up at free silver mean gold, of course. They have not the honest courage to say gold, and hence make use of other phrases.

Their idea is that gold is the only honest money, being stable and constant and unvarying in its value and hence the only proper standard, and, too, because it does not become too abundant. These men will not admit that gold has appreciated since 1872, when the war was begun against silver. They say commodities have depreciated, as though that changed the fact as to the increase in the purchasing power of gold, and therefore gold's enhanced value.

Sauerbeck's tables, which are standard and reliable, show that gold has appreciated over 75 per cent. since 1873; and Bradstreet's table shows an advance of nearly 25 per cent. since 1891. In fact, all authorities admit great fluctuations in gold, probably more changeable than silver prior to 1873.

In Chambers' Encyclopedia, Volume 2, Page 149, we read: "If gold is the standard of value, it may be thought that its own value cannot change, just as a foot measure always remains of the same length—that a sovereign of full weight must always remain of the same value. But it is one thing to appoint by law that a certain amount of gold shall be coined into a certain number of sovereigns, and quite another to suppose that these sovereigns shall always exchange for the same amount of wealth. If, on the whole, a sovereign purchases more than it did, from whatever cause, that constitutes an appreciation of gold. An appreciation of gold is thus the same thing as a general fall in prices."

The Encyclopedia Britannica, Volume 16, Page 736: "The proposal of the Paris conference in 1867 for a single gold standard and a universal coinage on that basis was strongly opposed by Walowsky and Courcelli, the former predicting that a dangerous appreciation of gold would follow. This view seems borne out by the result."

The truth is, the gold advocates have neither argument nor logic to sustain them in their position. If we are to have one metal as a standard, it should be silver. With a gold standard we have not a gold currency and cannot have, not even with an increase in production, for it will not be sufficient. The currency schemers and tinkers want to give us bank paper promises for a currency.—Illinois State Register.

Where the Gold Goes.

Until American millionaires learn better than to give their daughters and their millions to impecunious British dudes of eccentric manners, who pretend to be of noble birth and heirs to titles, it will require a large balance of trade in favor of the United States each year to offset their folly and prevent the country from being drained of its cash.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

Coffee Not Known to the Ancients.

Coffee was not known to the Greeks or Romans.

AMERICANS IN JAMAICA.

They Are Succeeding While the British Planters Are Having Hard Times.

Although this fertile island has belonged to Great Britain about 250 years, and has been tolerably well governed during all that time, its English citizens are becoming more and more discouraged concerning the business outlook. They talk glibly enough of the splendid natural resources of their island, but in the same breath will tell you that there are no longer any inducements to emigration or openings for younger sons, and declare that ruin stares them in the face unless immediate reciprocity places Jamaica on an equal footing with the neighboring islands.

Most of the queen's subjects in Jamaica still persist in raising sugar, to the exclusion of everything else, although nowadays there is little profit in it. The sugar plantations are baronial in extent, and time was when their cultivation was so easy and profitable that the owners thereof could remain abroad, leaving overseers in charge. But year after year during the last decade the overseers have reported smaller and smaller profits, always hoping for better returns next time, and each succeeding year has regularly proved a little worse than the last. Absent proprietors and hired supervision, bounties, hostile tariffs, and, above all, the production of beet sugar, have conspired to bring about this natural result; and now that Cuba and Porto Rico, with their unrivaled possibilities, have passed into energetic American hands, Jamaica's mismanaged estates may move along to the bow-wows more rapidly than ever. Already the planters are appealing to the government for help, and talking of grants-in-aid and countervailing duties; but the truth is that the government feels the pinch as much as any private individual.

While the Englishmen are moodily forecasting ruin, and blaming the home government, America and Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, for what is clearly their own fault, and the happy-go-lucky blacks, like other natives of the tropics, are idly contented with what nature provides—a few Americans are quietly laying the foundations for solid fortunes here. Some of them have invested a good deal of capital in island enterprises. They have bought a number of abandoned or run-down plantations for a tithe of their original value, besides inaugurating new industries and starting afresh several lagging old ones, with their accustomed vim. A few years ago an American syndicate purchased the government railway, 66 miles long, which runs from Port Royal to nowhere in particular, and the new owners immediately invested $8,000,000 in extensions, which, when completed, will open up the richest lands of Jamaica, as well as some of the most entrancing tropical scenery in the whole wide world.

One American of my acquaintance devoted himself to the raising of oranges about five years ago, and last season shipped 23,000 boxes of them from Jamaica to New York, and cleared a dollar a box on the lot. Though oranges grow wild on this island and have never before been cultivated for commerce, there are few localities which produce finer ones and none where the climate is better adapted to their raising. Another of my countrymen is making a fortune in plantains, another in sweet potatoes and another in bamboo. The last named, of spontaneous growth, flourishes wonderfully in Jamaica, and there is almost no limit to the uses to which it may be put, from building of houses to the making of carts and furniture. After many experiments and almost as many failures, our Yankee friend discovered that bamboo fiber had certain elastic and incompressible properties, which make it without a rival for some purposes. So he built a big factory away up on the Black river, in the interior of the island, and settled down into the converting of bamboo fiber into what is known as "packing," for the wheels of railway carriages. It is said to be the very best article now used for that purpose, holding oil like a sponge, never hardening and never wearing out, and the demand for it is great both in Europe and America.

The Yankees show more originality than the sons of Britain in their ways of money-getting, and are always on the lookout for new avenues of enterprise. The few who went into sugar-raising and its side issues, rum and molasses, do not retire from the field in disgust, or sit down and growl, as the Englishmen do when the market is glutted and sugar depressed, but make shift with other crops till times improve. They get along a good deal better, too, with the negroes, who are the only laborers to be had here. While the Englishmen are forever in trouble with the blacks, believing them to be incorrigibly lazy, the American railroad builders and planters, who employ hundreds of negro laborers, declare that they work well enough if fair wages are promptly paid. Under English management a man receives a shilling a day and a female house servant three shillings a week, and both "find themselves." But this scanty hire is purposely kept in arrears, so that if the laborer comes late or irregularly it can be cut down to whatever the employers choose to give. Under such conditions men and women of any color could hardly be expected to be very keen for working, particularly when "living," from the black man's standpoint, costs next to nothing.—Philadelphia Record.

FURS IN RUSSIA.

The Sealskin So Much Prized in This Country Is Almost Useless There.

It seems a contradiction to speak of a "cold fur," but that is what the Russians style some of the wraps that we in the United States ignorantly consider warm enough for the coldest climate.

One of the first things an American woman has to do when she reaches Russia is to reconstruct her ideas on the subject of furs. Her beloved sealskin goes far down on the list. It is one of the "cold furs" that no Russian lady would care to wear as a lining—and it is as linings that all furs are worn—because it is too tender. The only thing it is good for is a short jacket to be worn between the seasons, and then it must be used entirely for walking. A woman who sets out on foot in that garb must surely return on foot, for if she took a carriage or sledge she would be running a serious risk of catching cold.

The pretty squirrel skin is reckoned among the "cold" cheap furs, and is given up to the unfashionable world, while the minx, also a "cold" fur, though expensive enough, is used by men only, just as is the pretty mottled skin obtained by piecing sable paws together. The proper furs for the climate are the "downy" furs that, beginning at the brown goat, go all the way up to that climax of beauty and luxury, the black fox or the silver fox, soft and delicate as feathers, and warm as a July day.

The kuni is a fur that was used by royalty in the olden time, and was the unit of currency. It is costly when dark, and has a tough, light-weight skin, which is an essential in all furs that are to be used for large cloaks. Sables, rich and dark, are worn like the kuni, by anyone who can afford them—court dames, cavaliers, archbishops and merchants, with their wives and daughters. Cloth or velvet is the proper covering for all furs, and the colors worn for driving are often light and gay.

Clothed in these furs the Russian seldom takes cold. Few Russians wear flannels. The houses are kept delightfully warm, and at places of entertainment no extra clothing could be borne. No Russian enters a room, theater or public hall at any season of the year without removing his cloak and overshoes, and no well-trained servant would allow an ignorant foreigner to trifle with his health by so doing.

The foreign churches are provided with cloakrooms and attendants. In the Russian churches this would not be practicable, as so many are coming and going, but even here some of the richer people keep a servant to hold their cloaks, just inside the entrance.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BILLY'S ORTHOGRAPHY.

It Was a Little Astray, But It Was the Best He Could Do.

The teacher in a low room of one of the primary departments of a North side public school was instructing her small charges in the spelling of simple words. They had gotten beyond the cat and dog and rat period and were progressing toward the perplexing orthography of words of two syllables.

"Now, children," began the teacher, dogmatically, "if you were out on the street and saw your mammas or your papas coming along the sidewalk to meet you, you would say they were coming toward you. Now, toward is spelled t, o, w, a, r, d. That isn't very hard, is it? Now all spell it together, out loud. T, o, w, a, r, d. That's right; now you have it exactly. Now try once more, and then you'll all write a sentence with the word in it, so that I can be sure that every little boy and girl knows just what it means and the right way to spell it."

The childish voices rang out assuringly with "t, o, w, a, r, d," and then slates were noisily drawn out from under the desks and little foreheads began to pucker into frowns of thought. Soon a quick hand shot up into the air.

"Well, Billy," answered the teacher, "are you through so soon? Let us all hear what you have written. Read it nice and loud now," and a proud voice promptly obliged her.

This is the message that the slate carried to the listening audience.

"The bad little boy 'toward' his jacket."—Chicago Chronicle.

An Easy Discoverer.

Weary Willie—Sir Isaac Newton was lying under an apple tree snoozing, w'en an apple fell on his head and he discovered de great law uv gravitation.

Snipsey Butts—Yes. I t'ink Sir Isaac must have been a very wise man from de way he had of discovering t'ings.—Puck.

The Difference.

When a man becomes famous everybody wishes to know about his wife, but when a woman assumes prominence nobody cares anything about her husband.—Kansas City Star.

WHERE THE PIPESTONE IS.

The Quarry Mentioned in Hiawatha—Rocks of the Three Maidens Honored by Longfellow.

Less than a mile from the bustling little city of Pipestone, Minn., are three freaks of nature that will well repay a visit from the lovers of the curious and the beautiful. The first is a waterfall or cataract, which, when the stream that feeds it is swollen by the melting snows and spring rains, is a miniature Niagara and in point of beauty rivals many of the famed waterfalls of the east. The second is the famous Red Pipestone quarry, the scene of the opening of Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Hiawatha," and the third is a group of immense rocks—also spoken of in "Hiawatha" as the Three Maidens—that have stood for ages as a landmark to guide the Indians to the only spot in the known world where the sacred pipestone could be found.

The waterfall, quarry and Three Maidens are all located on the Indian reservation, which is one mile square, adjoining the corporation of Pipestone on the north. The reservation belongs to the Dakotahs, or what is better known by its French name as the Sioux nation, but is claimed by the Yankton Sioux. Several years since a determined effort was made by a committee of citizens of Pipestone to purchase it, as they did not want so large a tract of land so near this city lying idle, but the Indians would not part with it for love or money. The next best thing to do was to see if something could not be done with it even if it remained in the Indians' possession. An application was made to congress, an appropriation of $30,000 was obtained and a substantial school building, was built on one corner of the land. The school has proved so successful that a second building the size of the first is being built to accommodate the ever increasing number of pupils.

The poem of Hiawatha begins:

On the mountains of the prairie,
On the great Red Pipestone quarries.

and anyone unacquainted with the neighborhood would naturally suppose that it was hilly, to say the least. On the contrary, the country is quite level, there not being even what in eastern parlance would be called a "small hill" in the neighborhood. The quarry lies in about the center of the bed of what is apparently a prehistoric lake, and when first discovered the stone cropped out at the surface, but the continual quarrying for ages has extended the quarry about 60 rods toward the south, and as the "dip" of the "vein" is toward the south it is now necessary to remove from six to eight feet of shale and dirt before the pure stone is reached.

No one but the Indians are allowed to quarry it and every summer they come in squads from distant reservations to get supplies of the stone with which to make pipes, knickknacks and ornaments that they carve out of it, both for their own use and for sale and trade to the white man. They also frequently sell the stone in the rough to the white men, who, with a turning lathe, can work it up much better than they can.

The stone is known to the scientific world as catlinite, being so called in honor of Catlin, the celebrated historian of the Indians, who was the first white man to set eyes on the quarry, while gathering material for his "History of the Indians of the Northwest," in 1836. Two years later the Nicollet exploring expedition, one of the chief members being John C. Fremont, camped near the quarry, a record of the date of their visit having been carved in the rocks near the waterfall that is still plainly decipherable.

The legend of the naming of the Three Maidens, to the effect that they were so called because three Indian maidens saved their lives by hiding under them years ago, during one of their numerous wars, is told every visitor to the rocks, and legends without end are related in connection with both the quarry and the waterfall, but they are gradually, like the Indians, dying out. Had the white men had their way the Sacred Pipestone quarry would by this time have been nearly a thing of the past, but through the Indians still retaining possession it is still so little changed from what it was when Longfellow wrote his poem that it does not take much of a stretch of imagination, especially toward dusk of a summer evening, to conjure up a troop of dusky warriors in single file headed for the Mecca of all the northern Indians, or, when the shriek of an engine on the railroad that passes within a short distance of the quarry strikes suddenly on the ear, to imagine it is the whoop of Gitche Manito, as he breaks off a piece of the sacred stone to fashion it into a peace pipe.—Chicago Chronicle.

Dieting an Elephant.

An elephant's sick diet is recorded as the result of an illness at the Zoological gardens of Frankfort-on-the-Main. A female elephant there suddenly refused food, groaned continually, "wept," it is said, and became weaker and weaker. She was given draughts of brandy (pints), and reduced to a diet of buckets of gruel three times a day, each bucket containing 40 quarts. She soon recovered, but the dieting still continued, and the last bulletin describes her present diet as 30 buns, a hundredweight of hay daily, and suitable drinks.—London News.

How to Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with you water and let it stand 24 hours: a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents or one dollar.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, if you send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

(☞To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.)

SWANGO SPRINGS SAYINGS.

Mrs. Marget Oney is on the sick list.

Sam Goodwin was through here last week selling brooms.

Arbury Swango spent last week on his farm at Toliver.

Miss Shrilda Wood, of Lacy creek, visited Miss Callie Oney Sunday.

Lark Lowe was chatting with some of our good neighbors yesterday.

Paris Rose, of Lee City, was seen passing through this neck o' the woods Saturday.

Our worthy editor, Spencer Cooper, was trying the virtue of the health-giviving water of our Famous Swango Springs Sunday.

April 3. UNO.

TOLIVER TOPICS.

Miss Nettie Clarke is quite ill this week.

Jeff Couch, of Ezel, was visiting in Toliver last week.

Aaron Mannin, of Omer, was visiting in Toliver Sunday.

John Tom Moore and wife are suffering much with measles.

Autny Lowe and Porter Clark have just returned from White Oak.

Misses Sadie Day and Maud Blackwell were visiting in Toliver last Friday.

Jack Landrum bought a store house of Wm. Toliver and is putting goods in this week.

Goldie, the little daughter of Mack Oldfields, fell from the fence the other day and threw her arm out of place.

Ye scribe is in receipt of a letter from Frank Mannin stating that battery O, 6th artillery will leave for Manila April 9.

Rev. Banford M. Mannin left Monday morning for Missouri accompanied by Marion Toliver. They will spend a few weeks in Illinois with friends on the way.

Ye scribe attended the regular stated meeting of the Mizpah Lodge last Saturday night, and met several of his old friends of Hazel Green, and took supper with Henry F. Pieratt, D. S. W. C. Henry is a jolly good fellow.

April 3. SHINER.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1889.

The return of the president to Washington is invariably followed by scores of rumors as to his intentions in regard to important public affairs. The present occasion was no exception, and as the almost continuous fighting in the Philippines was conspicuously before the public, a number of these rumors related to Philippine affrirs. First, it was stated that the president was growing impatient and intended to exercise his authority as commander-in-chief to take charge of Gen. Otis' campaign and see if he could not push things to a climax. As ridiculously as this rumor was it was seriously discussed by men who ought to have known better. As a matter of fact, the president is entirely satisfied that Gen. Otis, who is whipping the Filipinos every time he fights them, and fighting them just as fast as he can get at them, is doing all that any man could do and even if he wasn't, he wouln't attempt to interfere bv sending orders from Washington. Then it was stated that a proclamation calling for 35,000 two-year volunteers, authorized by the last congress, was to be at once issued, and the troops hurried over to reinforce Gen. Otis. There was not the slightest foundation for that either. There is reason to believe that this rumor was instigated by those who are anxious for the volunteees to be enlisted because of the patronage it would make for them, in connection with the officers' commissions. If Gen. Otis does not wipe out Aguinaldo's army in the next two weeks he is not likely to do so before fall, as the rainy season will put a stop to effective campaigning.

The order issued by the postoffice department this week abolishing the military postal service in Cuba and announcing the substitution of an independent Cuban service is a long step toward the establishment of civil government in the island. It is understood that similar action is to be taken in regard to Porto Rico. Inasmuch as the United States guaranteed the payment of any Cuban postal deficiency that may be incurred it reserves the right of supervision o postal expenditures.

The two Cubans who arrived in Washington this week for the purpose of representing the Cuban assembly are so frank they are almost digusting. They are after more money than the $3,000,000 this government agreed with Gomez to advance to Cuban soldiers as soon as they disband. They make no bones of bluntly saying that unless each Cuban soldier is given enough money to start life anew the most of them will become brigands. There has been the slightest chance that these men would receive any official receive any official recognition their foot-talk would have destroyed it. Gen. Wood has already taught the Cubans of his district that the practice of brigandage carries more danger than it did under than it did under Spanish rule, and that American officers can not be bought for a share of the plunder.

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20 YEARS IN OHIO.

250,000 CURED.

WE CURE EMISSIONS

Nothing can be more demoralizing to young or middle-aged men than the presence of these "nightly losses." They produce weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms. They unfit a man for business, married life and social happiness. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness or sexual excesses, our New Method Treatment will positively cure you.

NO CURE--NO PAY

Reader, you need help. Early abuse or later excesses may have weakened you. Exposure may have diseased you. You are not safe till cured. Our New Method will cure you. You run no risk.

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Young Man—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downcast countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

WE CURE VARICOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "wormy veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized, all unnatural drains or losses cease and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure assured. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

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GREENBACKS or Government Money.

At close of our Civil War in 1865, there appeared in the London Times the following:

"If that mischievous financial policy which had its origin in the North American Republic during the late Civil War in that country, should become indurated down to a fixture, then that government will furnish its money without cost. It will have all the money that is necessary to carry on its trade and commerce. It will become prosperous beyond precedent in the history of civilized nations of the world. The brain and wealth of all countries will go to North America. THAT GOVERNMENT MUST BE DESTROYED OR IT WILL DESTROY EVERY MONARCHY ON THIS GLOBE."

The famous Hazzard circular, to capitalists in New York, and the Buell Bank circular to United States Bankers, both emanating from London, and the fabulous corruption fund raised in England and Germany, estimated at $1,500,000, were the agents that secured the closing of our mints against silver.

The "walk into my parlor" policy of England, during and since the Spanish War, is the latest evidence of English Diplomacy in shaping the destiny of the United States Government.

Notwithstanding the famine price of wheat, the Spanish War, and fabulous expenditures of money by our government during the past year, gold has increased in value eleven per cent. and all other values decreased in the same proportion.

For a thorough understanding of the money question, or silver issue, the Cincinnati Enquirer has uniformly given evidence of its ability to teach, explain and produce all facts and truth. It is a paper that ought and can be read by all classes with pleasure and profit.

A Broom for the Blood

is as necessary as a broom for the house. For in the blood accumulate the germs of disease which, if not swept away, become manifest in boils, blotches, sores, ulcers, eruptions, eczema, tetter, and like diseases, that flay the flesh and scar the skin.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

makes a clean sweep of all diseases that begin in the blood. What other medicines drive in Ayer's Sarsaparilla drives out. Where other medicines make a surface show of health by cleansing the skin, Ayer's Sarsaparilla lays the foundation of health by cleansing the blood. It is conceded that of all diseases the larger portion have their origin in impure blood. Cleanse the blood and you cleanse the skin. Foul blood cannot make a fair body. The shortest way to a sound body, a clear complexion, and a vigorous life is to purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It has been curing people right along for over 50 years

"I can truly say that Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life after doctoring for years for blood poisoning. Not one bit of help in any way, shape, or manner did I receive before, by advice of a friend, I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It made me a new man, and completely cured me." HARRY L. BROWN, 21 Hanover Street, Manchester, N. H.

"Last year I was badly troubled with boils which I could not get rid of, until I procured Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles relieved me of my tormentors, and they have never made their appearance since." B. B. BRADLEY, Danburgh, Ga.

"Five years ago my little boy became blind from the effects of scrofula. Our doctor failed to help him. We began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and two bottles cured him." C. C. GOPETT, Canes, Ky.

"After six years suffering from blood poisoning, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, although I have used only three bottles of this great medicine, the sores have nearly all disappeared." A. A. MANNING, Houston, Tex.

"I was afflicted with catarrh for a number of years, none of the doctors being able to help me. When almost hopeless of cure, a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after using only three bottles the cure was effected, and today I am perfectly healthy." JOSEPH MURPHY, 173 Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J.

Your druggist sells AYER'S: $1.00 a bottle; six bottles for $5.00.

ROSE AND DAVIS

—THE—

Blacksmiths

—AND—

Wagon-makers,

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

☞ Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us ts payour own debts.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

30 Days' Trial

The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt and Appliances, induces me to offer it to suffering men on 30 Days' Trial, so certain am I that it will cure and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have battered their stomachs with drugs I want them to exercise their judgement and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. Its unseen current puts life and force into whatever it touches. The constant, steady life extended by my New Electric Appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Undevelopement and Lost Vitality. You may not have faith in it now, but

WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS

and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you ON TRIAL. Write to-day for Illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.

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